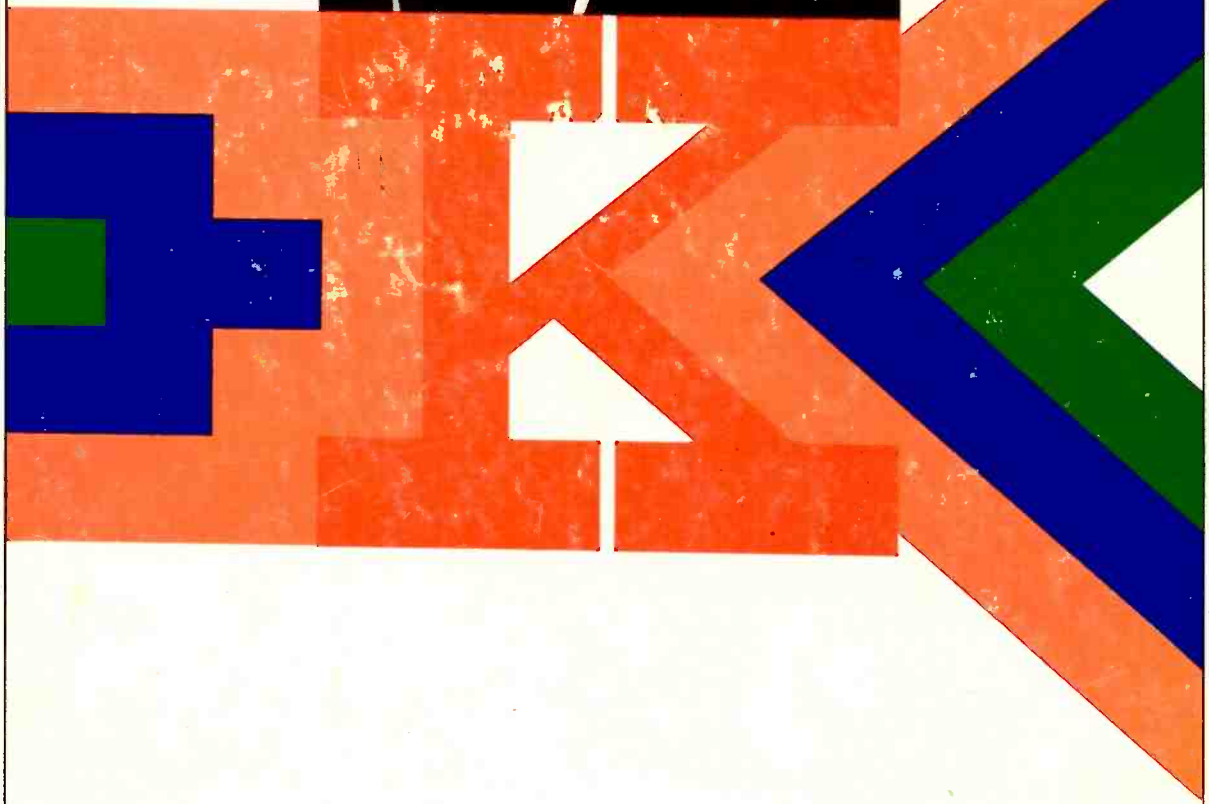
MURRAY THE K
Tells It Like It Is, Baby

Forewords by Tony Bennett, Sybil Burton, Tucker Frederickson, George Harrison



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Baby, You'd Better Believe It, Because Murray the K Is...

"A new culture maker... a genius."
TOM WOLFE

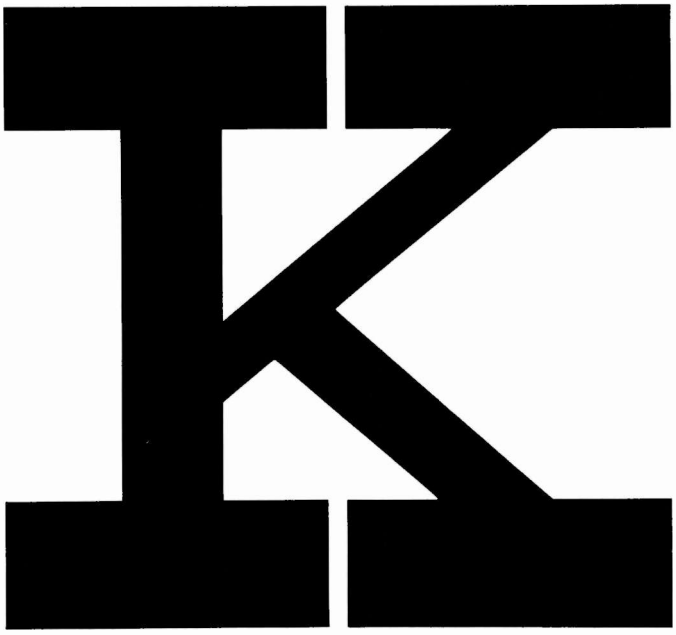
"...what's happening."
RINGO STARR

"The Fifth Beatle."
VARIETY

Murray the K is the man who introduced the Beatles to the United States; the nation's top disk jockey; the host of the TV specials that draw those astonishing ratings. He understands teenagers and they understand him. That's what this book is all about.

Murray the K Tells It Like It Is, Baby

MURRAY



Murray the K Tells It Like It Is, Baby

with Forewords by
Tony Bennett
Sybil Burton
Tucker Frederickson
George Harrison

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and Winston
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Preface to Forewords

I am delighted and honored that so many famous friends have volunteered to write Forewords for this book. In trying to select which one to use, I thought back to the little boy in the candy store who, invited to take his pick, remarked, "I just can't make up my mind, so I guess I'll have them all." The little boy carried that positive attitude into manhood and today is known as—James Bond.

Foreword by Tony Bennett

Murray the K has always been where it's happening on the music scene. He has presented the music of Tony Bennett and Sammy Davis, Jr. with as much enthusiasm as the Beatles and James Brown. He has never been content to rest on his laurels. He has always been in the forefront of new expression in the music business. His refusal to "put down" any type of music certainly classifies him as a writer with an open mind. This attitude makes his comments on teens, parents, music, radio, and TV and all subjects relating to the current scene even more noteworthy. I am sure you will find this book entertaining as well as highly informative.

Foreword by Sybil Burton

Murray Kaufman, to strangers, is a swinger, a success, and a part of the scene. To his friends, his kindness is immense, his enthusiasm is contagious, and the list of young people he has helped is limitless. But best of all, his pleasure in other people's success is very real. He is, indeed, a very, very nice man.

Foreword by Tucker Frederickson

I was very happy to learn that Murray the K is an enthusiastic New York Giant football fan. The fact is that I am a big fan of Murray's TV and radio shows. If I had to select a book that could go "all the way" in covering today's scenes, I would select this one—"it's what's happening" as someone I know would say.

Foreword by George Harrison

The best known disc jockey in the United States is Murray the K. We first met him when we visited the U.S.A. in 1964. Murray has his own unique style, and not only in broadcasting but in explaining the attitudes of young people all over the world. He always has been first with something new. This also makes him a good businessman. We admire Murray the K for his ability to communicate with the people in the music industry as well as the music fans. I am sure this book should prove a fascinating experience.

Contents

CHAPTER 1
The Terrible Terror of the Traumatic Time of Teen-age Turmoil 25
or How I Learned to Love Murray the K and What the Heck Is a Murray the K?

CHAPTER 2
The Typical, Untypical, Trying, Tantalizing, Titillating Teen-age Girl 33
or The Pursuit of Life, Love, and Ecstatic Misery while in Pursuit of English Groups and Improving One's Mind

CHAPTER 3
The Up Tight, Never Right, Can't Be Wrong, Bird-Watching, Bird-Loving Short-Haired, Long-Haired, Mama's Maelstrom, with the Messed-Up Mind and His Never-Ending Search for the Land of the Cool 47
or In other Words . . . You Man You

CHAPTER 4
Damn the Establishment! 57
or The Dilemma of What to Do about the Dastardly Detractors of Progress and the Dogmatic, Dyspeptic, Don't know where It's at People in High Places or My chance for Catharsis

CHAPTER 5
The Phlegmatic, Picayune, Parochial, Permissive, Pernicious, Phenomenal, Painful, Perpetual Thing Called Parents 67
or What to Do about the Pestilence? That Contagion, *that* Plague *Married People Get after Having Sex—Children!*

CHAPTER 6
The Subject Is Music 75
What Kind? The Music on TV, on Radio, on Broadway. The Music of Dylan, of Folk Purists of England. The Influence in Music by Independent Record Producers, by Dee Jays, by Payola, by the Press.

CHAPTER 7
The Beatles and Muffy the Cow 91
or the Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing but the Truth about All the Lies!

CHAPTER 8
Confess, Confession, Confessions, Confessed!! 101
or Telling It Like It Is, Telling It Like It Was, Telling It All Like It Is, Telling It All Like It Was!!

CHAPTER 9
How—How to—How to Begin—How It's Done—How It's Gonna Be for Me 113
or Some Useful Information That Won't Cloud Your Imagination

To Jackie
Who Always
Tells It
Like It Is

Chapter 1

The Terrible Terror of the Traumatic Time of Teen-age Turmoil

or

How I Learned to Love Murray the K and What the Heck Is a Murray the K?

The roar deafened me. The glare from the spotlights kept me from seeing the jelly beans, pocketbooks, wallets, pens, change purses, and all the other items that came hurtling out of the blackness toward me.

I came downstage to the footlights avoiding, temporarily at least, the spotlights shining directly in my eyes. It was then that I saw the signs—hundreds of them—held up all over the orchestra floor. "Murray We Love You," "Murray for Governor." And a big heart-shaped one—"LUV MURRAY FOREVER."

I threw a kiss and looked towards the balcony. In the front row my eye caught two girls, about fifteen years old, crying hysterically. There, down in the center orchestra, two more crying, and over on the left side three redheads—laughing and standing on their seats—screaming at me!

I stood alone on the stage of the Fox Theatre in Brooklyn, listening to this fantastic, unbelievable demonstration from the 4,500 groovy kids who were there that Saturday morning.

As the roar from the audience reached its crescendo, I felt a funny chill through my body. I could feel the honesty go out of my smile and only a forced façade of parted lips and teeth remained.

As 4,500 witnesses looked on—but didn't see—a feeling of unreality swept over me. I stood transfixed on the stage and had one of the weirdest experiences of my life. I could physically, yes, actually physically, feel a part of me leave my body and float suspended in space while it observed the whole scene, *including* me. It scares me plenty now when I think back to it, but at the time I was so consumed with having two bodies and minds that I wasn't really *in* this world.

I didn't feel the lipstick case, or the rag doll that hit against my face. I could not feel the pain, nor could I feel the joy of receiving such a welcome.

Suddenly there was a voice—it was my voice, but it sounded strangely younger—drowning out all the other sounds. I heard myself saying: "*Hey Murray, what the hell are* you *doing here? They aren't really yelling for you—you don't sing—you're not a movie star—who are you kidding? Who are you supposed to be? How did you get here? You . . . you . . . you . . .*"

"You are going to end up a good-for-nothing bum," said another voice, my mother's.

I had quit high school* and taken a job, but all my extra money went for records.

"That's all you know, how to waste your money on that loud awful music.† Those records won't ever get you anywhere but in trouble."

To this day she has never admitted she was wrong about that.

What was going on? It seems that the excitement from

* *But after one year I* voluntarily *returned to finish my education.*

† *She meant Bing Crosby, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw, and Tommy Dorsey.*

my unexpected and fantastic reception, coupled with the fact that I had been working myself to the breaking point, triggered off an instant (but momentary) breakdown . . . a kind of self-put-down at the very moment of real-life success. For that minute out there, I was seventeen again, and at seventeen, what I remember most are nervous stomachs and my frustrations with my parents.

I always felt boxed! During my teens, I spent a great deal of time and energy daydreaming and imagining I was somebody else. I needed most to be right—or to prove I could outsmart all the adults who seemed to have complete authority over me. I needed victories to escape from smothering "Momism." Sometimes I'd pay highly for these escapes and victories, but it must have been important to me—because I would do something against the wishes of parents and teachers, even though I knew I'd be caught, and even if I hurt *myself*.

But now—a girl's compact hit me squarely on the nose—that *did* smart. It was enough to bring me back to *one* mind and *one* body and the reality of being on the stage of the Fox Theatre.

. . . I was holding a Press Conference that day for WINS listeners who were representing their junior high, high school, and college newspapers from the four-state area of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. We had called the conference because I had been receiving as many as a hundrd requests a day for interviews, school appearances, and the like.

It was 1964. I was working in my sixth year for radio station W-I-N-S . . . Ten Ten WINS . . . WINSland, Baby—Home of the K, the fifth Beatle, our *main* man, Meus-sur-ray . . .

Young male voice, a Murray the K listener, takes over: "Yeah, the Grand Kook, the Mole in the Hole, the Wailer in the Trailer, the Blighter in the Jet Fighter.* The guy who started every show with a Sinatra record. Why? Because the K is superstitious, and you know Murray, baby, he tells it like it is . . ."

Mur-ray, Mur-ray the K-ay
He's the Hul-ly Gul-ly man.
Tune in the Swingin' Soir-eé
and Mur-ray, Mur-ray the K-ay . . .

A girl's voice takes over: ". . . Yeah, like when . . . he was the only one telling the truth about the Beatles. And the time he called the Walter Winchell and Sheilah Graham newspaper stories about Paul being married to Jane Asher, '*Big fat lies*, lies,' he said, and right on the air. . . . And don't you know it, Paul calls Murray from London the next night—and on Murray's radio show on a thing they call the Beeper Phone—he tells the whole U.S.A. that those

** These were nicknames used for special stunts on my radio show. The Mole in the Hole was when I did my show from an IRT Subway Platform, living in the Subway consistently for nine straight days. The Wailer in the Trailer referred to the time I was locked up in an auto trailer for four days until someone found the right key to let me out. That person won the trailer and my thanks. The Blighter in the Jet Fighter signified my being the first disc jockey to do a radio show from a jet fighter plane. It was an F102B (the B probably stood for Baby).*

stories *are* 'Roobish, in fact, lies,' he said, 'Lies.' And he continued, 'I'll tell you what Murray, if I do decide to get married, you'll be the first to know.' . . . It was so gear, I cried. And then remember when WINS suddenly stopped playing the rock 'n' roll or like Murray called it, *Today's* Music. Right on the air he fought the station for us."

The Boy's voice again: "Yeah, some Kook made the disc jockeys play records by the Big Bands, some guy named Glenn Miller, Percy Faith, Artie Shaw, you know, classical music almost—(ook!) Like Holy popcorn and shades of Sammy Kaye Batman. "Would you believe it? Murray the K introducing Mantovani? I mean, how can you say, 'O.K. Mantovani, Baby?' It don't make it."

He came on the air this particular night, early in 1963—no, not Mantovani—Murray. I could just picture him in the studio, the straw hat pushed forward, almost covering his eyes—That's a sign that he was locked-in to the message he was about to give us. Shh—listen.

Murray the K: "O.K., listen to me, WINSland. Up to now I felt an obligation to the management because I have a contract. However, I realize that my real obligation is to you, not to the station. You and you alone are WINS. You made Murray the K and 1010 WINS and don't you let anyone forget that. Before this station started programming the music of today, it's worth, some five years ago, was 400,000 dollars. Today it can't be touched for less than ten million dollars. Why? Because* you *made it the Number One rated station in New York. You increased advertising sales by buying the products we advertised.* You *did this because we programmed the station for* you *and made* you *a part of that programming. I don't believe in this music policy and can't accept their money, nor continue this show. I'm letting management know that, Now! I think this is* your *station. What do* you *want? Come on now,* you *tell WINS like it is."*

Boy's voice again: "Well, we sure did. I bet half of New York wrote in, petitioned, demonstrated, and they brought our music back. Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!"

Girl's voice: "Well, everyone was happy. Except those creepy newspaper critics that called it 'Rot and Roll' and referred to us as Delinquents. I guess they were jealous 'cause WINS stopped playing the teen-age music of the Rockages from their days."

What happened then? Well, this electric company that makes refrigerators? *Western House?* You know, Betty Furness' company. What, Westinghouse? Oh yeah, well, they bought WINS. And all I know is, in March, 1965, Murray left the station and in June they stopped playing *any* kind of music and went all news—that's right, Big Bopper twenty-four hours a day—N-E-W-S—Will you believe that? NEWS, like . . .

** Later that year WINS was sold for exactly ten million dollars cash to Westinghouse Broadcasting Corp.*

MUSIC TO RIOT BY

MUSIC HAS CHARMS — Teenagers stream against barriers as policemen struggle at Brooklyn Fox Theater.

By Lewis Gibson
Of The Herald Tribune Staff

When [illegible] smashing teen-agers moved in upon [illegible] to converge twelve-to-twelve in and around the Fox Theater in Brooklyn yesterday police decided it was time to sound the alarm—the general riot alarm.

Within minutes some 150 police with nightsticks and pepper along with a score of detectives in plain clothes had arrived at the scene to remove a smorgasbord of order.

What was happening inside was a big Easter holiday stage show staged by Murray the K (the $150,000 mid-or-and don-lovers who has become the Leonard Bernstein of the [illegible]-to-twelve set. Music-to-riot-by was here provided by such [illegible] rock groups as Cannonball and The Headhunters, The Raiffeisen Brass and The Tokaydes.

It was the latest and most tumultuous development in the [illegible] of how the tropical rock-and-roll fever is spreading this Easter vacation this year.

While the [illegible] was heaving at the Fox, another 4,000 kids, many wearing leather jackets, filed to blocks and Dutch-on hairdos, were causing minor traffic jams around Times Square. They were herded up three blocks from the 42d St. entrance of the Paramount Theater where TV star Soupy Sales is presenting his own frantic Easter parade of sheepy-haired rock-and-roll groups.

The tracks at the Fox began about 8 a. m. The several hundred kids who had already waited in line for several hours were joined by thousands of others. Soon the line extended from the front of the theater on Flatbush Ave. around to Bristol St. on to Livingston St. behind the theater and back to Bristol. Jockeying for position became feverish and police from the Bergen St. station sounded signal 1041, which usually means that a general riot is threatening.

Reinforcements poured in swiftly, but before order was restored a half-dozen youths were knocked to the ground, someone kept yelling: "I lost my little sister." pocketbooks were trampled on, several girls came through the melee without their shoes and an number had ripped their sweaters with tears.

Police stepped into the crowd and divided the teen-agers into groups of roughly 200 spaced 25 feet apart.

But one policeman who's been around for a while said he had seen just as much riotin' when the brassy ensembles of the Big Band era were popularizing the Boogie Woogie and the Big Apple.

Announcer: "Right now, folks, number three on this week's Ten Ten survey is this story out of Hanoi—Mao Tse Tung, on the Big Red label, baby, said, blah, blah, bblah, blah."

Once more the daydream faded and I again returned to reality at the Brooklyn Fox. I looked down at the stage. It is a very *large* stage, but it was completely covered with articles of every description, including—of all things—a bra. Now *that*, I thought to myself, is a bit much. I remember vaguely giving the "Harrumm Bay Chant"—which, like the straw hat, is a Murray the K trademark. Sounds like AR-DARrr *BAY*, and the crowd answers with a grunt like, ugh! Actually, it's an African work chant used in Kenya. Means, "Let's all pull together, Work in Harmony, All for One, One for All—HAR-RUMMm *Bay*."

I introduced one of the acts that was to entertain before the question and answer period of the press conference began, and then I walked off stage.

Although that traumatic experience had lasted only moments, I felt weak and I was wet with perspiration. As I came into the wings, Lou Levy, the managing director of the Fox Theatre, Jay Fontana, my stage manager, and a few executives came running over to me.

"Are you all right, Murray? What happened? Lou asked. Oh, come on now, I thought, he couldn't *possibly* know what had been going through my mind.

"Hold your hand up away from your clothes," someone shouted at me. "One of those nutty kids probably hit you with something sharp."

It was then I noticed that my hand was bleeding. I had no idea what had happened. I only knew I didn't want them fussing around me, so I brushed it off with a corny line—"That's one crowd that wanted blood and got it!" (I *must* have been up tight to say that—*really*.) Then, as I was about to concede the possibility that I *was* "blowing my mind," I realized what must have happened was that while I was going through my "terrible terror" on stage, I had gripped the microphone cable near the bottom of the mike so hard that the sharp metal point had punctured the skin and produced a pretty good-sized cut.

I had the hand attended to, and because I wasn't up to bucking the crowd I knew would be outside the theater, I decided to stay backstage. I went to my dressing room, showered, changed clothes, and sent out for lunch.

Joining me were Lou Levy; Jay Fontana who, at 290 pounds, didn't really need lunch; Jerry Love, whom we called the Jolly Green Giant and who was the biggest (in height) record promotion man in town.

After making a phone call, I noticed them all laughing about something, and I gave them one of those quizzical "what's so funny" looks.

Jay, still laughing, told us, "This nutty woman stopped me outside the stage door and really came on strong about her daughter writing ten times for an autographed picture of you—about buying all your albums, and it wasn't fair—you know the routine; I had an autographed picture in my case, so I gave her one. Well, she's got this girl about nine or ten years old with her, but I figure that she wants this picture for her teener at home. But no, she gives the small kid the picture; the kid studies it a moment and then says, 'Hey Maw, what the heck is a Murray the K?' "

It's one of those "You had to be there" stories. My reason for telling it is that the line, "what the heck is a Murray the K," made such a strong impression on me. I thought, O.K., WHAT THE HECK IS A MURRAY THE K?

The first thing that comes to my mind is not *What? But Why? Why* did a Murray the K—a disc jockey—make it as a personality?

First of all, I think the circumstances and the needs of the fifteen- to twenty-two-year-olds during recent times caused them to seek someone they could relate to—someone they felt was speaking for them.

Well, all right, that's pretty stilted and forced, but *What* is a Murray the K? (I repeat this, acting as the perfect straight man for myself.)

"*Well, self,*" I said.

"*Self, Baby,*" I further salutated, getting real chummy with me.

A MURRAY THE K is adult approval of teen tastes in music, clothes, and people.

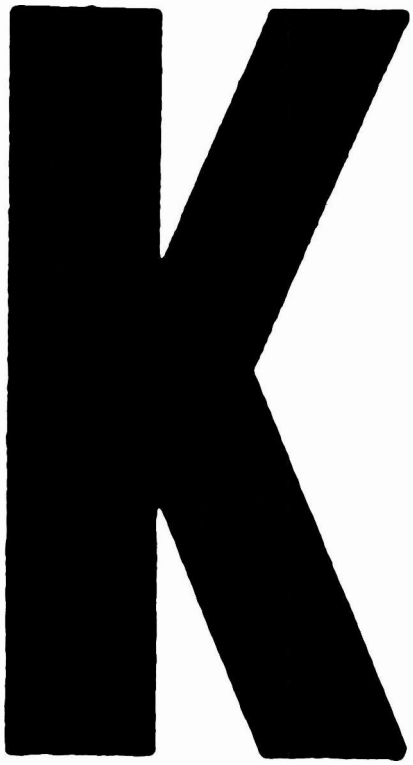
A MURRAY THE K is an *adult's* complete understanding of their *trials* and *turmoil* and *boxes.*

A MURRAY THE K is an adult respecting them as people.

A MURRAY THE K is an adult adding to the lighter side of their lives with momentary escapes from the "hang-ups."

A MURRAY THE K is an adult "tuned-in" to the little things about their lives. An adult telling stories and jokes that hit home so they can learn the luxury of laughing at themselves.

THAT'S A MURRAY THE K—any further questions? "*Yes.*" Self inquired, "*Is there really a word salutated?*"



NO
PARKING
THEATER

SUPERMAN PART 2

WBC WAPSHIRE BROADCASTING STUDIOS

CHEERIO, ALL YOU MODS AND ROCKERS! IT'S TIME FOR THE SWINGIEST DISK JOCKEY IN ENGLAND TO SPIN SOME PLATTERS FOR YOU! YOU'VE SEEN **SUPERMAN'S** LIFE AS A GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN; NOW FOLLOW HIS LATEST CAREER... AS MASTER OF THE TURNTABLE AND DISCOVERER OF THE COOLEST ROCK-'N'-ROLL STAR SINCE THE BEATLES! YES, THIS TIME THE **MAN OF STEEL** BLASTS HIS WAY ONTO THE TEEN SCENE AS THAT SMASHING D.J....

CLARK the "K"!

SUPER-MUSCLES IS THE CAT'S MEOW-WW!! BUT KRYPTONITE-CATNIP IS WOW-WOW-WOW-WW!

FANTASTIC! I'M KNOWN IN ENGLAND AS "**CLARK THE K**", TOP DISK JOCKEY... IDOL OF THE ROCK-'N'-ROLL CROWD! SO WHEN I'M READY TO STAGE A SPECIAL SHOW, WHO AUDITIONS, BUT "**THE SUPER-COOL CAT**"?

BLIMEY! THE CHAP'S SUPREME!!

HE'S **GEAR!**

LUMME! THAT **SUPER-COOL CAT** IS KEEN!

COOL! WHAT A LARK! THAT BLOKE IS BLOOMIN' **GOOD!**

OFF ACROSS THE OCEAN FLASHES THE MAN OF STEEL...

IN MY PREVIOUS TRY AT A NEW SECRET IDENTITY, I PORTRAYED "DIGBY", A PHONEY ENGLISH BUTLER. HMM... WHY NOT BASE MY NEXT **NEW** SECRET IDENTITY IN ENGLAND ITSELF?... I'LL DO IT!

AS SUPERMAN WHIZZES OVER THE BRITISH ISLES...

AH, MY SUPER-VISION AND SUPER-HEARING REVEAL THAT A SMALL RADIO STATION IN THE TOWN OF WAPSHIRE NEEDS A NEW DISK JOCKEY! I'LL SWITCH TO CIVVIES AND JOIN THE OTHER JOB APPLICANTS!

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MINUTES LATER, UNDER THE NEWLY ASSUMED NAME OF "CLARK KING"...
AS STATION MANAGER, I MUST SAY THE WHOLE LOT OF YOU ARE SMASHINGLY GOOD PROSPECTS! I'LL GIVE EACH OF YOU AN AUDITION ON THE AIR! WHOEVER GETS THE MOST FAN MAIL WILL GET THE POSITION!
EXCELLENT, MR. LLOYD-LLOYD!
ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THE WOULD-BE DISK JOCKEYS DO THEIR STUFF...
THIS IS FREDDY BARNES SAYING...PIP, PIP AND FARE-THEE-WELL! IF YOU LIKED MY RECORDS, PLEASE WRITE, CHUMS!
YOU'RE ON NEXT, BERTIE! THEN COMES CLARK KING!
CORRECTION! HERE GOES CLARK KING!
WHISKING OFF UNSEEN, CLARK SWITCHES TO SUPERMAN AND FLASHES TO THE STATION'S TRANSMITTER, SHORTLY...
MY SUPER-HEARING DETECTS BERTIE JUST SIGNED OFF! NOW TO USE MY SUPER-SPEED TO MAKE SOME CHANGES IN THIS TRANSMISSION EQUIPMENT SO THAT WHEN I GO ON, THE STATION'S RANGE WILL BE INCREASED FOR ANOTHER 100 MILES!
THEN, AFTER SUPERMAN CHANGES IDENTITIES AGAIN, RETURNS TO THE STUDIO AS CLARK KING, AND GOES ON THE AIR...
TALLY-HO! THIS IS CLARK THE "K". MY FIRST SELECTION WILL BE A RIPPING NUMBER BY THE LIMEHOUSE LADS, THOSE DARLING DROPOUTS FROM OXFORD U!
AND WHEN THE TINKERED TOWER TRANSMITS CLARK'S ACT...
TALLY-HO! THIS IS CLARK THE 'K'... MY FIRST...
WHEN "CLARK THE 'K' " GOES OFF THE AIR...
GOOD SHOW! THAT FINISHES THE TRY-OUTS! COME BACK A COUPLE DAYS FROM NOW, WHEN THE VERDICT WILL BE IN!
I'LL STOP OFF AT THE TRANSMITTER AND CHANGE IT BACK TO THE WAY IT WAS BEFORE I AMPLIFIED IT!
EXIT
2

A FEW DAYS AFTERWARD...
BY JOVE! THE WAY YOU OUTSCORED THOSE OTHER CHAPS IS POSITIVELY AMAZING! YOU RECEIVED AT LEAST TEN TIMES AS MUCH MAIL AS THE RUNNER-UP!
THAT'S BECAUSE, AS SUPERMAN, I INCREASED THE POWER OF THE STATION'S TRANSMITTER, SO THAT WHEN I WAS ON THE AIR, I REACHED TEN TIMES MORE LISTENERS!
CLARK THE "K"
POOL
WHILE WHAT I DID WASN'T EXACTLY... ER... CRICKET, I'LL BE ABLE TO PERFORM A GREAT DEAL OF GOOD FOR LAW AND ORDER WITH THIS DISK JOCKEY SHOW FOR A "FRONT"!
IT'S SMASHING! YOU, CLARK THE "K", WILL BE ENGLAND'S ANSWER TO AMERICA'S "MURRAY THE 'K'"!
RAPIDLY, CLARK BECOMES THE MOST POPULAR DISK JOCKEY WAPSHIRE EVER HAD...
AND NOW, WHILE "THE THREE TWISTS" ENTERTAIN YOU WITH THEIR LATEST PLATTER, I'LL SLIP OUT FOR A SPOT OF TEA!
HE'S GEAR!
LISTENIN' TO 'IM IS A BLOOMING LARK!
THAT CLARK THE "K" IS JOLLY WELL GREAT, HE IS!
BUT INSTEAD OF SLIPPING AWAY FOR TEA, CLARK HAS SWITCHED TO SUPERMAN AND WHILE HE FLIES ON PATROL...
OH-OH! THE SEA BECAME STORM-TOSSED! IT'S DASHING THE ROYAL YACHT TOWARD THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER!
LONG LIVE SUPERMAN! IF NOT FOR HIM, WE'D HAVE STRUCK THOSE ROCKS! HE'S SAVED THE QUEEN! IT'S A PITY HE BELONGS TO AMERICA, NOT US!
LITTLE DO THEY KNOW I'LL BE AROUND UNTIL THOSE GUINEA PIGS REGAIN THEIR SIGHT!
3
SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...
AS A SPECIAL FEATURE AT THE WAPSHIRE FAIR, THIS SATURDAY YOU'RE TO PRESENT THE ROCK-'N'-ROLL ACT YOU PREDICT WILL BE THE NEXT BIG HIT! BETTER START AUDITIONS AT ONCE!
I SAY, THAT'S A BIT OF ALL RIGHT!

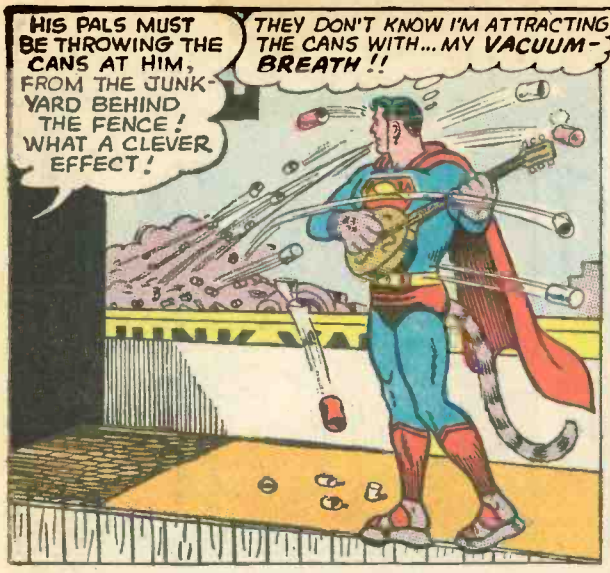
AND SO...
WHAT HO! THAT GROUP, "THE MUTATIONS", IS A BIT OF ALL RIGHT, HORROR MASKS AND ALL!
BEG PARDON, GUV'NOR. I'M LIMEHOUSE LEW, I AM, AN' I'M TELLING YOU, YOU CAN FORGET ABOUT THEM OTHER ACTS! THEY AIN'T NOHOW AS GOOD AS THE DARLIN' LADS I MANAGE!

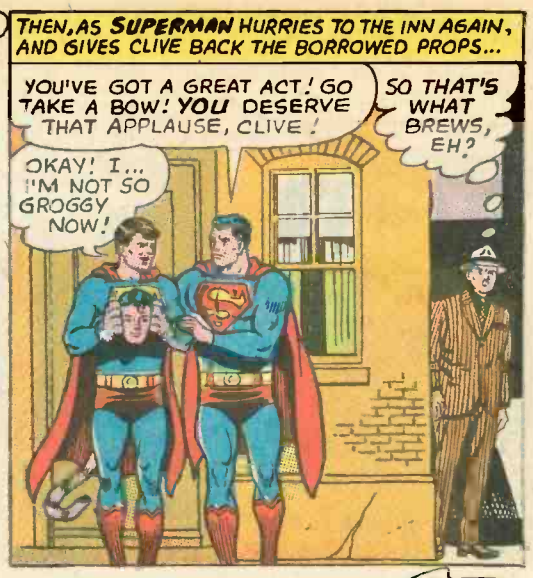
...THE PICADILLY JAILHOUSE TRIO! THEM HOOLIGANS... I MEAN, TALENTED CHAPS O' MINE, IS SURE TO CATCH ON LIKE WILDFIRE. ALL I ASK IS LISTEN TO 'EM! I 'OPES Y'DON'T THINK I'M CHEEKY!
I'LL LISTEN!

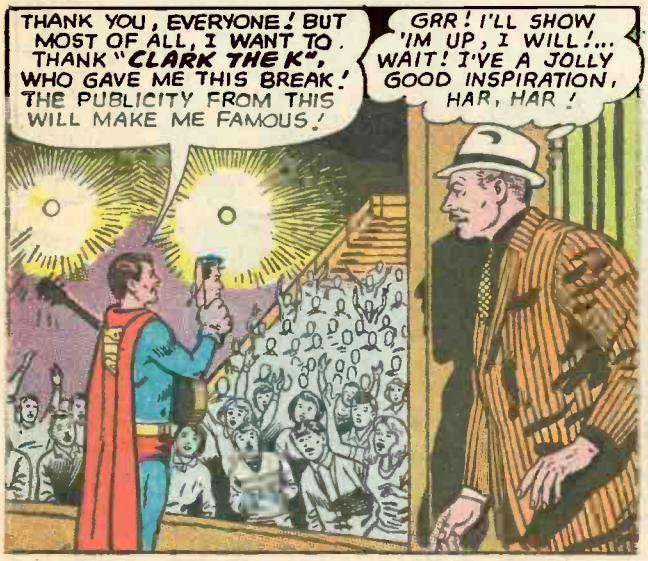
HIS LORDSHIP WHINES WE STOLE HIS POKE, NOW THE POOR CHAP IS STONE-COLD BROKE! HO-HO ..HUR, HUR ..HAR, HAR!
BEAUTIFUL, AIN'T IT, GUV'NOR?
NOT BAD! AFTER I NIP OFF FOR SOME FISH AN' CHIPS, THE AUDITIONS WILL CONTINUE OUTSIDE! I WANT TO SEE PEOPLE'S REACTIONS!

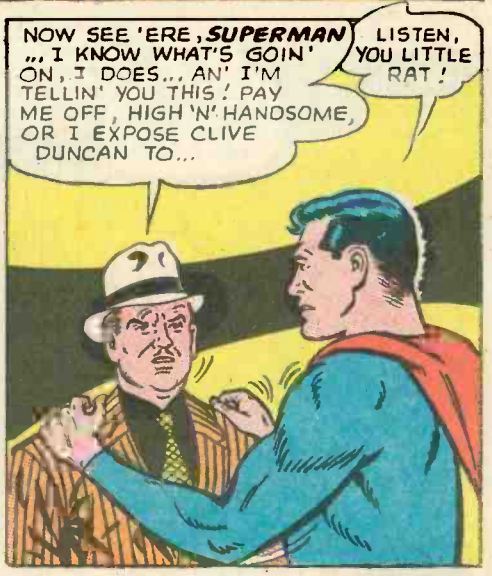
BUT AS CLARK RETURNS...
SUPER-MUSCLES IS THE CAT'S MEOW-WW. BUT KRYPTONITE CATNIP IS WOW-WOW-WOW! SUPER-DUPER, PARTY POOPER... MEOW-WW-WWW!!
A
??-WHAT'S THIS?
IT'S..."THE SUPER-COOL CAT"! CLEVER, EH? HE WEARS A SUPERMAN COSTUME, MASK, FAKE TAIL, CLAWS, AND SUCTION CUPS!
4

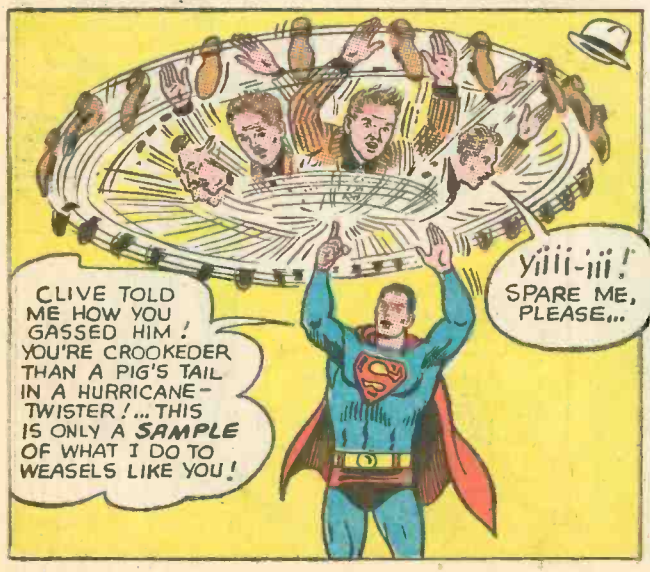
SO YOU'RE CLIVE DUNCAN, EH? YOU'RE MY CHOICE! I'LL EXPECT YOU TO PUT ON YOUR ACT AT THE FAIR AT SEVEN P.M. THIS EVENING. OKAY?
THANKS! BUT I'LL GO TO MY INN AND TAKE A NAP FIRST.
I'LL MAKE SURE THIS BLOKE'S NAP LASTS A LONG TIME!
SHORTLY, AT THE INN...
LIMEHOUSE LEW! I'LL...
YOU'LL GO BEDDY-BYE, THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL DO! THIS KNOCKOUT-SPRAY WILL SEE TO THAT! CHEERIO!
THAT EVENING, AT THE FAIR...
THE AUDIENCE IS GETTING ANGRY OVER THE DELAY!
IT'S 7:30! SINCE THE "SUPER-COOL CAT" AIN'T SHOWED, HOW'S 'BOUT ME BRIGHT LADS GOIN' ON, INSTEAD?
BUT AS CLARK RUSHES TO THE INN, AND HIS SUPER-HEARING DETECTS THE SOUND OF CLIVE'S BREATHING...
CLIVE! WAKE UP!
HE'S TOO GROGGY TO GO ON! I KNOW! I'LL BORROW HIS COSTUME AND MASK! THEN I'LL GO ON, IN HIS PLACE!
MINUTES AFTERWARD, AS SUPERMAN PERFORMS...
SUPER-MUSCLES IS THE CAT'S MEOW-WW! BUT KRYPTONITE-CATNIP IS WOW-WOW-WOWWW!
OW'D 'E SHAKE OFF THE EFFECT OF THE GAS?!? IT'S SUPPOSED TO WORK FOR HOURS!
THEN, AS "SUPER-COOL CAT" CLIMBS ONTO A FENCE...
MEEOW-WW! MEOW-WW! SUPER-DUPER, PARTY-POOPER! TRIPLE-SCOOPER, POOPY-DOOPER! MEOW-WW-WWWW!!
HA, HA! OLD TIN CANS ARE BEING TOSSED AT HIM JUST LIKE A REAL YOWLING CAT GETS PELTED!


HIS PALS MUST BE THROWING THE CANS AT HIM, FROM THE JUNK-YARD BEHIND THE FENCE! WHAT A CLEVER EFFECT!
THEY DON'T KNOW I'M ATTRACTING THE CANS WITH... MY VACUUM-BREATH!!


THEN, AS SUPERMAN HURRIES TO THE INN AGAIN, AND GIVES CLIVE BACK THE BORROWED PROPS...
YOU'VE GOT A GREAT ACT! GO TAKE A BOW! YOU DESERVE THAT APPLAUSE, CLIVE!
SO THAT'S WHAT BREWS, EH?
OKAY! I... I'M NOT SO GROGGY NOW!


THANK YOU, EVERYONE! BUT MOST OF ALL, I WANT TO THANK "CLARK THE K", WHO GAVE ME THIS BREAK! THE PUBLICITY FROM THIS WILL MAKE ME FAMOUS!
GRR! I'LL SHOW 'IM UP, I WILL!... WAIT! I'VE A JOLLY GOOD INSPIRATION, HAR, HAR!


NOW SEE 'ERE, SUPERMAN ... I KNOW WHAT'S GOIN' ON, I DOES... AN' I'M TELLIN' YOU THIS! PAY ME OFF, HIGH 'N' HANDSOME, OR I EXPOSE CLIVE DUNCAN TO...
LISTEN, YOU LITTLE RAT!


CLIVE TOLD ME HOW YOU GASSED HIM! YOU'RE CROOKEDER THAN A PIG'S TAIL IN A HURRICANE-TWISTER!... THIS IS ONLY A SAMPLE OF WHAT I DO TO WEASELS LIKE YOU!
yiiii-iii! SPARE ME, PLEASE...

GET OUT OF SHOW BUSINESS, SNEAK! AND IF I EVER LEARN YOU'VE DONE ANYTHING CROOKED...!
I'VE REFORMED, SO HELP ME! I'LL DEVOTE MY LIFE TO WAITIN' ON HEATHEN SAVAGES

AND SO CLARK RETURNS TO HIS PLATTER-SPINNING! BUT ONE DAY, AS HE FACES HIS ADORING PUBLIC, OUTSIDE THE STUDIO...
HOLLY GEE! IT'S CLARK THE "K", OUR HERO!
LET'S GIVE 'IM A PROPER RECEPTION, GIRLIES!
T'S SOUVENIRS WE WANTS!
OH, DEAR! CLARK THE "K" IS R-REALLY SUPERMAN!
THESE SOUVENIR-MAD GALS HAVE EXPOSED MY NEW SECRET IDENTITY. OH, WELL! I MIGHT AS WELL BLOW THIS BIT IN A BLAZE OF GLORY!
RIPP-PP
RIP
RIPP-PP
DISCARDING THE REMAINDER OF HIS OUTER GARMENTS, THE UNMASKED MAN OF STEEL KISSES HIS ARDENT ADMIRERS FAREWELL...
SUPERMAN KISSED ME! OOO OOO!
THAT SUPER-DUPER DREAMBOAT! OOOOOOOOO!
THIS MOMENT WILL LIVE WITH ME FOR ALL ETERNITY!
SCREEE-EEECHH!
HOW ABOUT THAT! THEY FAINTED!... HMMM... LIKE THEY SAY, "YOU'VE EITHER GOT IT... OR YOU HAVEN'T..." AND I'VE GOT IT!!
AND AS THE MAN OF STEEL FLIES TOWARD THE U.S....
THE GUINEA-PIGS HAVE RECOVERED THEIR SIGHT! THE BLINDNESS EFFECT WASN'T PERMANENT!
THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW!
SOON, AS CLARK ENTERS THE PLANET NEWSROOM, IN METROPOLIS...
MY SIGHT RETURNED! CAN I HAVE MY OLD JOB BACK, PERRY?
BUT OF COURSE!--WE GOT THE GOOD NEWS FROM THE PENTAGON JUST MOMENTS AGO!
IT'S SO GOOD TO HAVE THINGS AS THEY WERE BEFORE!
HMM! I WONDER WHAT STRANGE TWISTS MY LIFE WOULD'VE TAKEN IF I'D HAD TO ASSUME STILL ADDITIONAL SECRET IDENTITIES??
WE SURE MISSED YOU, CLARK!
WOULD YOU LIKE MORE STORIES ABOUT SUPERMAN'S ADVENTURES WITH OTHER SECRET IDENTITIES, READERS? LET US KNOW!!
THE END
7

Chapter 2

The Typical, Untypical, Trying, Tantalizing, Titillating Teen-age Girl

or
The Pursuit of Life, Love, and Ecstatic Misery while in Pursuit of English Groups and Improving One's Mind

Any man who tries to explain women, young or old, is an out and out nut. It can't be done, because for every explanation and example you give, there's always one to disprove it. However, there are among today's young future squaws new tribal attitudes, drives, and influences that, when examined calmly around the open campfire, might help to *further* blow one's mind.

Before we examine them, let's pause one minute for this commercial . . . cop-out.

In relating incidents and attitudes toward both the personal and impersonal subjects in this chapter, let it be clear that my commentaries, as well as statements of the girls interviewed, represent only a point of view and are in no way intended to reflect the attitudes or actions of all youthful females living or dead. (Whew!) And . . . oh yes, all personal interviews were conducted in the presence of my wife Jackie, my mother-in-law, Mrs. H. H. Hayes, and the den mother of Mrs. Fitch's School for Fidgety Females.

Most adults seem to feel that today's teen-age girl is exceptionally emotional, ridiculously romantic, dangerously demonstrative, hypertense, hysterical, and ferociously fickle, and . . . they're right.

However, a teen-age girl enjoys the miserable privilege of acting like a teen. If she acted or reacted like an adult that would be: odd—unhealthy—sad. (You may choose one.) But, remember. If the teens did act like adults, being as hip as they are, the adults wouldn't stand a chance.

Each year more and more adults say, "I went around with a pretty fast crowd, *but*—these kids today. I don't understand."

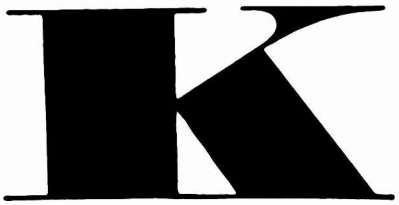
That's right, a lot of the established folk don't understand. They *should*. After all, adults have a frame of reference—*they were* teens once, though teens haven't been adults yet. It is the adult's responsibility to learn again to *understand* and be in sympathy with the needs of young vital people. (Now there's a new term for teens! Sounds, sort of, well . . . *vital*. Like it's vital we forget it.)

I think this a good spot to start a new paragraph with But Seriously.

But Seriously here are some of the real "hang-ups" of being a teen-age girl that must be quite frustrating:

A teen-age girl *is* a human being—news to some adults. When she experiences an emotion, that emotion, glad or sad, is as genuine as any adult's. Let's take LOVE for example. Parents tell their daughters, "You don't know anything about LOVE," "What could you know about LOVE?" "Don't be stupid about LOVE," or "Why, what did you let him *do* to you?" "Forget it—it's just an infatuation, not LOVE."

O.K., let's say *it is* an infatuation. Cold, unsympathetic, and suspicious statements like these are exactly what cause



I-aye should have re-a-lized
A lot of things be-fore
If this is love you gotta give me more
Give me more, Hey, Hey, Hey,
Give me more . . .

the breakdown in communication between parents and daughters. Now, I truly believe that when girls say they are in love, they are experiencing an emotion which to *them* at that moment *is* love.

Put-down, or ranked-out, or second-class citizen treatment as described above is what causes the daughter to say of her parents, "They don't understand"; "I can't speak with them." Then the girl either gets further involved with her "love" or in many cases, seeks out her best friend, someone in "tune" with her feelings. She needs that sympathic ear so she can ventilate—*ventilate, baby*—you know, get out of that pressure cooker.

I'm not going to go into the obvious tacks that parents *could* take, because if they don't know by now, they really aren't qualified to be parents anyhow. It's a job that takes more than just "being right." (Incidentally, parents are a subject in themselves in a later chapter, that you can show to your folks. They may find the material useful when going to their analyst and getting rid of some healthy frustrations about *their* folks.)

GIRLS ARE THE MOST COMPLEX THINGS ON EARTH—REALLY!

Figure this one out—if you can.

The scene: the Coca-Cola Pavilion at the World's Fair in 1965. I was making a personal appearance after returning from a trip with the Beatles. *This* time, I was *enjoying* the reception. *Man*, it was mobbed. (Sorry about that—*Girls*, it was mobbed.) Humanity, teeming humanity! If the Brooklyn Fox Theatre reception I've described was big—this one topped them all.

The Fair's Security asked me to leave the grounds for the safety of all. That made quite a sight—three-quarters of a mile of people all heading for one exit gate.

Now I've had a few sweaters, jackets, etcetera, ripped in my day, and I didn't mind a girl *trying* to reach, but one girl, about fifteen years old was trying a little *too hard*. I stopped, and grabbed the hand that was ripping not only the sweater but the ever-lovin' skin as well. I looked at the girl and, bam, she was in tears. I said, "Hey honey, whoa! What are you doing that for?" (Being careful to add a big smile.) "Because," the girl said, "I've been here since nine thirty and I *hate* you, I *hate* you so."

"Well, that's healthy, honey," I lied. "But why are you going to all this trouble? Why don't you just get out of here and go home?" I suggested. I still didn't believe anyone could possibly *hate me* and be of this world and living.

"O.K.," she cried, "I will!" whereupon she turned on her heel and left.

I just stood there a moment and tried to figure it out . . . and, you know, I'm still trying to figure it out. Because since then, I've seen her at every one of my personal appearances

. . . *just staring at me.* She probably has a devil doll of me that she sticks pins into every night!

SUBJECT: BOREDOM! THE BIRDS SPEAK!

A seventeen-year-old from an upper middle-class family, pretty, intelligent, sensitive, trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent says:

"I guess being bored is the worst part. I mean being miserable is *great*. That is, if you're *really* miserable about something. But, gee, just to feel nothing—that's the drag."

A sixteen-year-old from a low income family—pretty, intense, girlish:

"My mother hollers, 'Stop being so restless.' I'm not restless, I'm bored. When you get bored, that's what sometimes pushes you into thinking that you like someone or just *have* to go some place, or you know, do something."

THE SUBJECT IS "BOYS"

Me: "What kind of boys do you like?"

Brown-haired Girl: "I like fellows with long hair, you know, the Beat type—but clean—"

Me: "Why?"

Brown-haired Girl: "Well, they are not as polite, or as courteous as—say the T.A.A.'s (that's Typical All-American), but that jazz the T.A.A.'s give you, is *phony*, not real. This type of guy, the Beat, that is, is rebellious, in his dress and attitude. I like that; it shows strength. They act truly as they feel. They are 'realer' people. They live more earthy. I speak of the guys who 'belong' downtown. Not those that come down to the village on weekends wearing pea coats and walking up and down MacDougal Street. They're nothing. No brains. They just want to pick up a girl and make out. They're like animals."

Me: "What about the way a fellow dresses?"

Brown-haired Girl: "The first thing I notice are shoes. That clues me into his personality. I prefer a fellow who wears boots—loafers are so out. I think a fellow should dress to express himself, like I do! Like I've gone through two stages—one was sloppy and earthy, but that didn't say anything. So now I'm more of a casual mod—that feels natural."

Me: "What about music? What do you and the girls in your crowd go for?"

Brown-haired Girl: "Well, we liked the Beatles, then the Stones, now Dylan, because Dylan's speaking for us. I still like the other music, too, but a lot of our crowd dropped the other groups because we felt it was 'out' to idolize anyone. Then, other gals may like one group and be real big fans, but when

Life is very short and there's no Ti-i-i-t-ime
For fuss-in and fight-ing my friend
I have al-ways thought that it's a Cri-i-i-i-ime
So I will ask you once again—try to see it
my way—only time will tell if I am right
or if I'm wrong—but we can work it out.

***that* group becomes *too* popular, they drop them. You know, it's like they no longer belong just to you."**

Me: "Tell me, does your crowd feel that way about Dylan when he does folk rock?* Do they feel that he is lowering himself and their image too, as superior intellects and folk purists, when he attracts and communicates with the masses?"

Brown-haired Girl: "Yes, that's it. They're prejudiced, really, they're wrong, but a lot of them *are* kind of phony about that."

Me: "Getting back to the boys a minute—who's faster with girls, the Beats or the T.A.A.'s?"

Brown-haired Girl: "Well, the T.A.A. Boys come on faster. The Beats cool it until they think they really like a girl."

Me: "Thank you, Brown-haired Girl."

Murray the K (Previously referred to as me "Me"): "How old are the girls in *your* crowd?"

Blonde-haired Girl: "Seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen."

Me: "What's their attitude about Sex?"

Blonde Girl: There isn't *one* attitude. After all, it *is* quite a personal thing and so many factors enter into it. You don't do something just because your friend does. I know that some girls in my crowd, while not promiscuous, *have* been with a boy."

Me: "Do you approve?"

Blonde Girl: (Long pause) "Yes."

Me: "And *your* attitude?"

Blonde Girl: "Well, naturally, I have to like him. I mean, in ways other than just physical. And what's most important, I must feel he sincerely *likes and respects me.*

Me: "Thank you, Blonde-haired Girl."

Murray the K speaking to *Himself*. (He does that a lot, you know.)

Self: Hey, Mur-baby! Do you mind if I ask *you* a few questions?

MK: Go right ahead.

Self: Do you have anything to add to that last interview regarding sex?

MK: Oh, yes!

Self: And that is?

MK: No Comment!

Self: I see you really go out on a limb, Mur-baby. Now listen, it's a subject that concerns a lot of people. You're supposed to be a teen-age authority. What makes you *avoid* a subject like that?

** I want to say now, rather than wait for the Dylan chapter to qualify my use of the term folk rock. It is the term now used most to express his music. I do not agree—the term itself is a contrivance. I call it what it is—"Attitude Music"!*

MK: No guts. Besides I'm an entertainer, not a teen-age psychologist. Why don't you ask me about the influence on music of the teen-age girl?

Self: Oh, *No!*

MK: And why not?

Self: I'd rather ask a teen-age psychologist!

MK and *Self*: But Seriously, folks: Seriously, girls twelve to nineteen have a greater influence on the music and record industry than boys do—for the plain and simple fact that they are totally involved. A boy will like a song and maybe buy it! But a girl gets involved with the song and the performer and is *sure* to buy it. The girl's emotional involvement with the personality is the reason she spends five times more money for sheet music and records than boys do. Today's music and performers belong to the teen's private world. To many teen-agers, it's the only thing that belongs to them that adults can't louse up.

THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD REVISITED

And now: It is only one little year between sixteen and seventeen, but that is *the great big year* in the life of the majority of teen girls—the Big Year because of the tremendous changes in attitudes toward life, toward what's "in" and what's "out." A favorite performer suddenly is "out." Books overnight are "in." Self-expression is the big need. New dressing habits. Zeroing in on *one* boy.

MK: "How old are the boys you date?"

Red-haired Girl of 17: "Seventeen to twenty-two mostly. But age itself is a drag. Some fellows my own age act more mature, and are more interesting. It depends on the boy! Last year it seemed important, but no more."

MK: "Do your dates pick you up at home?"

Red-haired Girl of 17: "Some do, some don't. Some I don't want to, 'cause they are not exactly my folks' type. I mean the way he dresses and, well I don't want to go through a big thing with them. But I want the boy to bring me home; I'm worried late at night about getting home safely."

(New, somewhat older character now enters.)

Brunette Girl 17¼: "Lately there are times, man, I feel so good. Just being alive. Lord, I just have to run, yell, sing, laugh. I break out—out of me—and when some things get to me it gets almost too much. I mean I feel it . . . well, so—well, you know—deep."

MK: "You mean, in your soul?"

Brunette Girl 17¼: "Yeah, you dig! I see you are a soul*ful* man. Well, when it gets like that, you need someone to be with you. You know. Some older

I feel good.
I knew that I would now.
I feel good.
I knew that I would now—
So good, so good,
'Cause I've got you.

people tell you to take it easy. Shucks! What for? If God made *you* so you can feel *that good.*"

MK: "James Brown make you feel good?"

Brunette Girl 17¼: "Baby, he is a destroyer! That one!"

ON THE SUBJECT OF "GOOF OFF" SPOTS

Murray the K note: (*That's where your particular crowd —or circle of friends, if you prefer—meets. To grab a bite to eat, a cup of coffee. And at every table of* your "*in*" *place, day or night,* your *crowd, like everyone else's, is engaged in the main topic of conversation—the "Put Down.*") End of Murray the K note.

MK: "Right now, let's talk just about the girls' main objectives in participating in this time-honored practice. Why do you do it?"

Breathy-voiced Girl 17: "Well, girls like to hear boys put other girls down. And it's a good practice to take up for the other girl, 'cause when you do this, it stimulates the boy to find more things to put the other one down for. This is the rule whenever a Rival is being discussed."

MK: "A *Rival?*"

Breathy-voiced Girl 17: "Some other girl who either has eyes for someone you like or someone you like may have eyes for her. In this situation, you keep building her up, because eventually *someone* will always put her down."

MK: "I think our State Department can use you!"

ON THE SUBJECT OF KICKS:

(I turned to speak to a young lady who looked familiar, whose face I've seen before, whose blonde hair has a familiar tint.)

MK: "Wait a minute. I know you. You're the very nice blonde girl I spoke to about sex the other day—er, with whom I discussed attitudes regarding it, that is."

Blonde Girl 17½: "That's right—Hello, Murray."

MK: "I want you to know it was very complimentary that you felt so free and at ease with me to discuss so personal a subject. But, listen, while you're here, I'd like to ask one other question if I may—on the same subject. When you were sixteen, was your attitude towards sex different than at seventeen?"

Blonde Girl 17½: "Oh yes! Last year I didn't understand or approve or even *conceive* of having sex before I was married."

MK: "Well, what change of attitude allowed you to have an affair?"

Blonde Girl 17½: "What's an affair?"

MK: When she said that I thought she was putting me on, then I looked at her face and realized she wasn't. It was the first time I ever remember stammering.

"Well you—well I—Now wait a minute—What do you mean *what's* an affair?" I said this with what I felt was a real supercilious smile on my face.

Blonde Girl 17½: "Just what do you call an affair?"

MK: My chickening-out-self thought, Now listen, maybe I should call Jackie and have *her* do this! Man, what the hell am I—a teen-agers' Dr. Kinsey?

"Well . . . it means, you know, sleeping with a fellow . . ."

Blonde Girl 17½: (Very direct) "Oh No!—I'm a virgin!"

MK Confused: I could get *even* and ask her what's a virgin . . . But better not!

"The other day you said . . ." I searched through my notes for her interview . . . "you . . ." I repeated . . . "you said . . ." I found them. "When I asked you about your friends being with a boy you said you approved and then gave me your attitudes and rules for yourself."

Blonde Girl 17½: "You asked me if *I approved.* And, yes, my attitude can allow me to approve and not fault others. I mean my attitude towards *sex* has changed! But *not* my principles."

MK: She left the room and my mouth was still open when . . .

Myself: Murray . . . What wa . . .

MK: *Oh—Shut up—*

(A short recess, I would think)

Red: "What gets me is that all these kids are using pipes, smoking pot, right out in the open. And they all turn on right out on the smoking terrace in our school."

MK: "What do the teachers say?"

Red: "They can't tell or don't know!"

MK: "What school is that?"

Red: "The High School of . . ."

MK: "Oops! Better not tell me, Red."

NOW HEAR THIS KICK:

MK: "Your kick is *what?*"

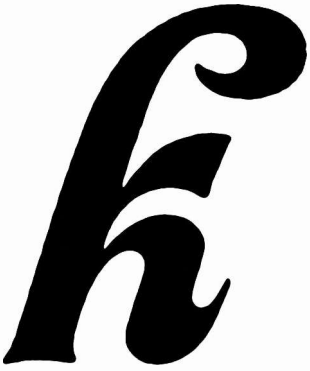
Pretty and 17: "Staying out all night!"

MK (Ugly and over 17): "What do you tell your parents?"

Pretty and 17: "I'm staying over at my girl friend's house."

MK: O.K.! And what do you do?"

Pretty: "About 4:00 A.M., go out to the Airport."



What now my love,
now that you've left me?

MK: "Four o'clock in the *morning* you go to the *Air . . . port!*"

Pretty and 17: "Well, I don't expect you to understand . . ."

MK: "Hey—Time! Listen sweetheart, *that* is one label I don't deserve! Come on, wait a *min*ute . . . Remember when the Beatles and I were traveling? Because of the crowds, we would have to stay cooped up in those hotel rooms. Now that gets pretty boring. So their road managers, Mal and Neil, would go out to the stores in the afternoon with money to bring back *things*—you know, presents.

"They'd come back with packages of all shapes with fancy wrappings. Now, the rule was, we couldn't open these packages till exactly midnight. Midnight was opening time and we'd have a ball goofing off on the toys and crazy hats we'd find in the boxes, and trying to guess what was in the next package. Just the idea of having to wait, and not open them until midnight was a turn on, because we wanted it to be, and it was just between us!"

Pretty: "That's it. Oh, that's great. You do know what I mean."

MK: O.K. Now it's four A.M. You go out to the airport . . . Then . . ."

Pretty: "We go out to the airport, Kennedy Airport. We usually go to the observation deck of Pan American and then . . . Oh, first let me tell you the rules. It must be a clear, cold night, warm or rainy weather is out. You must be with people that are 'tuned in' to each other and to the situation. You bring a little airline bag with you with some clothes, so you get that feeling that you can take off any time you want. And to get the best effect you should be very tired and sleepy. Try not to get too much sleep the night before; this helps you get real silly and you really end up laughing a lot, and enjoying what you do."

MK: "What *do* you do?"

Pretty: "Look for comets and—"

MK: I *broke up*—it was a goof off already! Can you imagine purposely avoiding more than three or four hours' sleep the night before to go out to the airport at four the following morning in cold weather? And for what? To look at comets. Now think about that for a minute, it is kind of wild!

Pretty: "Well, we look for comets—concentrate on objects real hard and if you do that, I mean concentrate hard, they take on different shapes."

MK: "You mean like L.S.D.?"

Pretty: "No! L.S.D. makes you hallucinate. Besides, it's a drug and that's a hang-up! L.S.D. controls *you* —and the situation—and you don't have the power to stop and go when you want. Besides, that way,

it's kind of phoney! Creating the effects without a drug makes you feel powerful—so you just concentrate and you *run*. You laugh at people who may come along. It's like your own world if you're with groovy people."

MK: "Then what do you do?"

Pretty: "That's *it!* Then you hitchhike home, have breakfast and, oh yes, pretend you're wide awake!" She started to really come alive now. Her eyes flashed and she was smiling. "And then you give your folks some wild stories about the night at your friend's house. That adds an extra kick—the danger of being found out—especially if your girl friend's mother and yours are friends."

MK: "Do you like being free and away from home?"

Pretty 17: But not smiling anymore, and *very* seriously: "Too much freedom is not much fun. My friend and I had her folks' beach house to ourselves for two weeks—no parents or adult supervision, just people our age and strangers. We thought it would be a paradise, but after awhile it wasn't any fun really!"

MK: "You mean, it was not enough of a challenge?"

Pretty 17: "*Yes*, I guess that's so!"

The girls we've just talked to are sixteen to nineteen years old. Now let's look at the *younger* female of the species.

The girl of thirteen to sixteen is very "boy conscious" and goes all agog over a different guy practically every two weeks. When she falls for a boy, it's usually someone she has seen but has yet to meet, or has met only very recently. The big challenge could be: first, *to get him to ask her for a date;* or second, *to take him away from someone else;* or third, if he has a reputation for playing it cool, *to provoke him to kissing her.*

Once she has accomplished one of these goals and has made sure everyone in school knows about it—it's all over! She's proved her point and the tremendous If-he-looks-my-way-I'll-faint type crush goes out the window fast.

The most difficult problem this girl has, is getting adults to take her seriously. Her main desperate ambition?

To Be Understood.

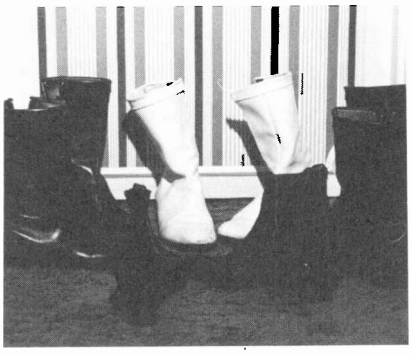
I've found her to be a very loyal fan, but if she thinks you've wronged her, said something bad about her favorites, or showed preference for another performer over her hero . . . Look Out!

All her love and loyalty turns to DROP DEAD! (And emotional young ladies do have a tendency to imagine things, to over-dramatize and hallucinate, and at times to be somewhat demanding!) Another thing is that these lovely young ladies start, or hear, more rumors than an army of super-spies.

They are persevering, unrelenting detectives who would make Sherlock Holmes seem like an amateur when they're

Here they come again
Catch us if you can
Catch us if you can.

These boots are made for walkin'
And that's just what they'll do.



seeking out the whereabouts of the hotel and and room number of their favorite groups. They would make Benny the Dip and Sam the Second-story Man blush with shame at the aplomb they use in sneaking into the rooms of these groups! Climbing up thirty flights to get in the back way is all in a day's work.

I remember coming out of the City Squire Motor Inn in New York after visiting Herman (Peter Noone) and the Hermits. I had to use a limousine to get out through the garage and when the gals spied me, they climbed all over the car. Even as we raced away from the hotel, two girls were draped over the hood. They jumped off in time, but as the car picked up speed, I heard a voice shouting, "Help." Not knowing what it was, I sang out, "I need somebody." Then I realized it wasn't someone singing, but a girl stuck on the back of the car. I shouted to the driver to STOP. We jumped out to find a fifteen-year-old clinging to the roof of the car. She couldn't get off in time, but luckily was unhurt. After telling her how stupid it was to take the chance of getting hurt, we left—more shook up than she was.

Girls can write letters. Oh, can they ever! I've received letters that have contained as many as fifty pages. Girls write poetry, they send me letters decorated with beautiful art work, and they write of their dreams (mostly with the Beatles, of course). One year I received over 2,000 cakes in the mail. Two out of five letter-writers would swear (and I believe they believe) they saw John or Paul or George or Ringo in town. They would write that if we would bring the Beatles or the Stones or the DC-5 to *their* house, "I wouldn't let anyone know . . . except maybe my best friend, and I promise not to scream like the other girls." One year we stopped counting the mail at 800,000 letters. It was impossible even to attempt to answer.

I can truthfully say I'm proud to be the recipient of their loyalty and acceptance and their gratitude for my efforts to keep them up-to-date on their favorites. I have come to know a great many of the girls individually and, as *individuals*, they are "fab," great, "gear," the Best.

But, But, But,

But put them into a big crowd of *all* girls, and you have the single most powerful destructive force in the world. They change into a screaming being that knows no fear of police, or of property damage, or of other people's reactions to them. They may get very rude; they lose self-control; and, in one form or another, their manners make an all-male audience seem like choir boys! They are truly a phenomenon.

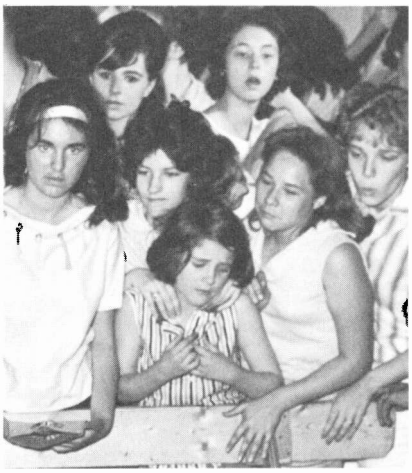
It could be that with the Beatles, for example, the gals found a new expression and look and sound that was perfectly tuned-in to their emotional wave lengths. Some say it's safe sex. (Was it me?) I do think that the Beatles, because of their personalities and behavior and image, gave

these girls the safe feeling that they could reach out and touch the Beatles and—the Beatles would not touch back! The more secure the girls felt, the bolder they became . . . and . . . the more aggressive, demanding, and hysterical. They felt they could express themselves without shame, safely lost in a crowd of their own kind, who shared each joyfully painful moment and who could excuse a fellow sufferer anything!

At the Fox Theatre in Brooklyn one Saturday afternoon, at a closed-circuit TV show of the Beatles, 1,900 girls from nice families did more damage than all the damage ever done at all my shows (and *they* get audiences of 4,500 inside, 5,000 outside, all races, all ages, five shows a day, ten days at a time). The girls broke four heavy doors and heavy plate-glass windows. They destroyed half the equipment in the ladies' room and, after the show, cleaning men found a couple of dozen pieces of outer (as well as *under*) clothing.

But seriously, folks: Just think, in the year 2000, most of these very same girls will be young grandmothers!

She loves you
Yeah, yeah, yeah,
She loves you
Yeah, yeah, yeah.



Instead, let's look at the Joe with such hang-ups as over-sensitivity problems, insensitivity problems, parent problems, school problems, girl problems, drive problems, competitive problems and—problem problems. Why him and *not* the "no problem" fellows? Because the well-adjusted Joe already accepts the rules, regulations, and M.O. *(modus operandi)* of the "*Establishment*," and his future can be pretty accurately mapped. (I quickly add that we will also ignore the juvenile delinquents, troublemakers, and bad guys who really need help and straightening out from *qualified* people.)

This leaves us with the guys who intend to complete their education, high school and college. These are the same people who eventually will become doctors, lawyers, writers, performers, musicians, skilled workers, and respected businessmen. Yet right now they have personal hang-ups like not accepting, or even rebelling against the Establishment in school or in their social life. They may be different and/or way-out, outspoken, colorful. They have a great need to express themselves and their ideas and they are constantly experimenting and searching.

There's a war going on inside them—and although "war is hell,"* personal or otherwise, it is from among these fellows that there will most likely emerge the doctor who insists on new ways to attack cancer, the skilled technician who invents new tools, the musician with revolutionary ideas.

They are not necessarily destined for greatness or even for just *getting by*, but they are interesting particularly because they express the attitude of *their* "crowd," whether that's Beat, or Neighborhood, or T.A.A.

. . . and that is where we pick up on our hero, the seventeen- to twenty-one-year old male—at that point of his life when his senses are being stripped.

Now it's an old newspaper axiom that readers don't want to read about *good* behavior. It's much more exciting to read about *mis*behavior. This chapter is not about good *or* misbehavior, but really interesting behavior. Now the normal, well-adjusted, no-problem, good-marks-in-school, good-looking and clear-complected young male is not dull or square or insensitive *because* he is possessed of the aforementioned virtues. Nor is he a remarkable rarity. We have in this country (thank the good Lord) an abundance of these young fellows. He is to be admired—but ignored here.

I wanted all of these attitudes represented and I called my friend Bobby Callender, who had travailed through all three categories in his twenty-five years, and he helped set up the following *scene:*

SCENE: My apartment. The three participants in our "bull session" arrive separately, and we jump right into the confab.
"I DON'T WANT TO CLASS-IFY YOU
SIMP-LIFY OR CAT-EGORI-ZE YOU"
BUT

Chapter 3

The Up Tight Never Right Can't Be Wrong Bird-Watching Bird-Loving Short-Haired Long-Haired Mama's Maelstrom with the Messed-Up Mind and His Never-Ending Search for the Land of the Cool

or In other words
You Man You

I ca-n't get no sa-tis fact ion—
(even though) It's been-a hard day's nite
And I've been working like a Dog.
So Mi-chelle—My Belle—(can't you see) that
All—I real-ly want to do—
is Baby be friends with you
But I better come back later next week
'Cause you see I'm on a losing streak
(So) Mis-ter Tam-Bou-Rine man
Take me on a trip up-on your mag-ic
Swirlin' ship—my senses have been stripped.

* *When saying "war is hell" (you say it slowly and dramatically)—one immediately places the thumb and forefinger of either hand to each side of the top of the nose, just inside each eye. You then squeeze your eyes tightly for a moment with an ever so slight shake of the head, ending it with a resigned sigh. If wearing glasses, remove them first or you may cut open your cornea. Having done this "bit" or "shtik" or "piece of business" you now are a "camp" actor or actress qualified for a serious role with Batman or Perry Mason.*

in order to better understand what you are about to eavesdrop on, let me describe the three participants who are representative of these different crowds:

The Beat will be called—Beat—

He is eighteen, a little over six feet tall, an interesting, good-looking boy who had light brown hair and blue eyes. He is wearing boots, a brown leather cap, tan dungarees, and a faded frontier shirt over a turtle-neck jersey.

The Neighborhood Boy referred to as—Nabe—

Age nineteen. About five foot nine, thick black hair, brown eyes, dressed in a moderately high-styled suit.

The T.A.A. will be referred to as—Typ—

Twenty years old, six foot two, dark blond hair, blue eyes, and epitomizing the good-looking all-American type seen everywhere (in the ads). His clothes are real Ivy League—dark gray suit, buttoned-down shirt, the whole bit.

THE BULL SESSION

Me: "O.K. Tell us a little something about yourselves and then go right into the first subject for discussion—*girls and sex*. O.K., Nabe. Go ahead"

Nabe: "Well, the name fits because I *am* a neighborhood guy. I didn't like it but I got through high school, mainly for my folks' sake. My real education about life, I got from hanging around our corner—that's where I picked up on most of what I know about sex, girls, the kind of job I want, and my opinions on most things. I'd listen to my friends with more interest than my teachers. We discussed everything, sports, politics, music, and Murray the K's clothes (general laughter), and we would never stay on one subject too long—we still switch around a lot . . . (Pause) That's it!"

MK: "Now your attitude about girls and sex."

Nabe: (Grinning) "They're more fun than boys—"

Beat: "Not if you're trying to get rid of one!"

Typ: "Rid of who—girl or boy?"

Beat: "*Very* funny!"

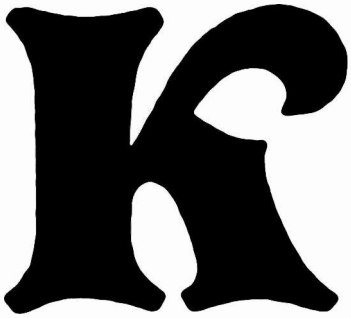
Nabe: "Well, as far as girls are concerned, I treat them as they are. If I think she's a decent girl, well, I treat her with respect, But, if she's a slut—you know. If you treat *her* nice, she'll walk all over you. But if she isn't *too far gone*—well, you might be able to straighten her out."

Typ: "What do you mean, 'Straighten her out?' "

Beat: "Yeah and why?"

All: Laughter

MK: "What do you mean, 'Too far gone'?"



These boots are made for walking, and that's just what they'll do.
One of these days, these boots are gonna walk all over you.

Nabe: "See, what I mean is this. If a girl who is making it with everyone suddenly falls for just one guy, she can get herself straightened out. *If* the guy encourages her, she might still have a chance to be accepted as a decent girl. This is what I mean by 'not too far gone.' "

Beat: "Would you define 'decent' and 'slut' for us, man —so I can read you a little better."

Nabe: "Well, a slut is one who will go to a bar that's known to be a place for mostly guys—and walk in alone and sit at the bar. She's looking to make out with anyone!"

MK: "Tell us what kind of girl you like."

Nabe: "I dig a challenge, you know what I mean, a girl that makes you really appreciate her. I like treating a girl like a lady—"

Typ: "Did you ever try treating one like a man?"

Beat: "Some of them come on so strong man, you could!"

Nabe: "Yeah, like in our neighborhood, we've got these real *young* chicks, fifteen to eighteen. They come in a gang to a bar or dance—and if they don't like the way an outside gal looks at them, they work her over, belt her—for nothing. And they ain't scared of anything. They'll even take on a fight with a guy. I didn't believe it!

"But getting back to the subject—Not every guy treats a chick the same. I have a friend who's got an entirely different technique. He walks into a party (and this embarrasses the hell out of me) and he'll come right out and say, 'O.K., which one of you girls ball? Let's save time and energy, because that's my only interest.' "

Typ: "So?" He said it like—so what?

Nabe: "Well, I mean he brings it right out in the open—and I'll be a Son of a—" catching himself and looking at me.

Beat: "Say it Baby, 'Bitch.' Don't frustrate yourself!"

Nabe: "Very funny."

MK: "O.K.! O.K.! What happens with this guy?"

Nabe: "With him, bringing sex and his attitude out in the open like that, it's not serious anymore."

Typ: "What do you mean, not serious?"

MK: Laughing "*I'll* ask the questions! What do you mean, not serious?"

Nabe: "You know they aren't well—er—"

Beat: "Up tight about it?"

Nabe: "That's it. It's like the whole approach is changed. The chick doesn't think anymore, 'Hey, I've got to

I should have known bet-ter with a
Girl like you
That I would love every-thing
that you do
And I do, yes, I do, yes, I do.

We— can work—it out—
We can work it out—
Think of what you're say-ing
You can get it wrong—and still
You think that it's all right.

Women shouldn't be heard,
But Obscene?

It was! It was!
As it was Mae West who said,

When I'm good, I'm very very good
And when I'm Bad I'm Better—

Wasn't she the John Lennon of her day?
She was! She was!

watch myself with him, 'cause he may try something.' They probably believe barking dogs don't bite, so they feel relaxed and kid about what he said. But *I* couldn't get away with that approach in a million years!"

Typ: "Does he?"

Nabe: "Yeah. How do you like that! *He* makes out all right."

And, wasn't it my friend John Lennon, who said,

MK: (Pointing to Beat) "You—"

Beat: "Me?"

MK: "Yes—Beat—Tell." (Like Beatle, Dig?)
(General boos, groans, catcalls.)

MK: "Sorry about that! Go ahead."

Beat: "All rightee . . . I'm eighteen, I go to College here in New York—I'm a freshman. I was born in Ohio, came to New York with my family when I was fifteen, but now I live away from home. I find the Village and the Beat Crowd makes it for me. I've found a lot of people down there who are ready to accept you as you present yourself. You can wear the clothes and the attitudes you want. Now, about the subject—girls. Well, man, they are *very* nice. But a sometime thing. They can be the worst hang-ups in life!"

Typ: "Expatiate, brother!"

Nabe: "Ex who?"

MK: "Clue him further!"

Nabe: "Oh."

Beat: "The first and most important thing a stud must do with a girl he is attracted to is to establish whether she is *intellectually* and *emotionally* safe!"

Typ: "You *could* use a mental contraceptive!"

Beat: (Again a bit sarcastically) "Hey, that's clever."

MK: "Well, it was semi-jolly! What is that 'intellectually and emotionally safe' jazz?"

Beat: "She should have the same values as I have about sex, friendship, obligations, vulnerability—"

MK: "In other words, the gal who will make no demands before *or after?*"

Beat: "That's about it!"

Nabe: "But how do you know this beforehand?"

Typ: "He probably gives her a questionnaire to fill out, one of those 'check only one answer in each column.' "

MK: (Doing the Chinese waiter bit) Ah so—If you choose *family* questions—check *two* from Column A and *one* from Column B."

Beat: (To Typ) "You sound as if this approach to girls and sex would be tough for you. I'm not trying to *sell* you on it."

Typ: "Even you must admit this approach can become time *consuming.*"

Beat: "I'm cool—I've got lots of time. There is where we probably differ. I won't ever come on strong with a chick. She can immediately destroy you if you do and I've got enough going for me. And even if I didn't, I'm still making sure that I have my freedom, that I'm not going to suffer with the guilts if I want to change my mind and split at any time.

"In other words, all the good and nice and pleasurable things of love without any of the hang-ups!"

Typ: "Murray, doesn't that sound familiar? *Like* the Byrds on your TV show?"

MK: (Interrupting) "He's talking about my interview with Jim McGuinn of the Byrds,* the time I asked him to interpret the lyrics of Bob Dylan's 'All I Really Want to Do Is, Baby Be Friends With You . . .' "

I had referred to such lines in the song as:

I don't want to do you in
or meet your kin . . .
I don't want to straight face you,
Race or chase you
Track or trace you
or disgrace you or
displace you
or define you or confine you.

Jim said, "In these lyrics, Dylan is saying that he wants all the positive things of love without any of the hang-ups. Not just for himself, for everyone. He's putting down the demands and the hang-ups that people get involved in—when falling in love.

Then I summed up our conversation by asking Jim whether it could be that he just doesn't want any responsibility to go with making love to the girl and is saying, "Don't box me in and I won't box you in!" Jim McGuinn agreed that this was probably what the lyrics were saying.

Typ: "The trouble is, first of all—that isn't a true attitude. Secondly, Dylan himself proved it when he got married and did it kind of secretly—like *he was letting the pack down.*"

It ain't me, babe
No No No
It ain't me, babe
No NO No.

Beat: (Real salty) "Hey *Typ,* what in the hell does Dylan getting married have to do with *me.* That analogy is just stupid, no connection. What is Dylan? *My* leader? Hell, I was one of the crowd that booed him when he was at Forest Hills, and—

MK: "What? Whoa! Time! That means you were probably one of those who also gave me quite a reception."

Beat: (Mimicking me) "Sorry about that."

Typ and Nabe: (laughs)

Beat: "No. Now *wait*—O.K. I did. But, at that time I had no idea you understood or had the mind you do. I since have heard your views on Folk Purists and, I tell you,

** The Byrds, according to Bob Dylan, are the chief exponents of his music! At this writing Gene Clark is not traveling with the group and may leave them altogether.*

it really influenced me. Enough to have an entirely different viewpoint, I mean it."

The concert he referred to was the first Bob Dylan Concert at the Tennis Stadium in Forest Hills in August, 1965. It was a sellout—14,000 people. For a number of years I had liked working at these concerts. Being a ham I really enjoyed the very generous audience reactions to my monologue and M.C. work, particularly at all the Johnny Mathis concerts. To use an old show-business expression, "It was my room."

The night of this particular Dylan concert, in the summer of 1965, I had been invited by Don Friedman, the promoter of the concert, to be introduced and take a bow because I had been the first of the non-folk dee-jays to regularly play Dylan, who was brought to *my* attention by the Beatles in 1964. On my radio show I would introduce Dylan as the Beatles' favorite folk music performer.

My wife, Jackie, and I drove to the concert with our friends Sybil Burton Christopher (Jordan was at Arthur working, though he's a big fan of Bob Dylan, too) and Bruce Lansbury, a TV and motion picture producer. As we approached the stadium, Jackie looked at the people walking to the concert and said, "I don't think this is your audience, Murray. They look like a completely different world from the Mathis crowd."

Sybil's chauffeur dropped us off at the private entrance and I walked backstage to say hello to Bob Dylan. By that time, the concert was already a little late getting started and the crowd was restless. Finally, Jerry White, the folk music dee-jay, walked out to greet the crowd. (I remember casually thinking that the reception he got wasn't overly enthusiastic.)

He said, "Here's someone I want you to meet. He came down from his ivory tower to give us his presence tonight." (I wondered what that ivory tower jazz was all about as I moved to the stage entrance.) Jerry continued, "and here he is The Fifth Beatle, Murray the K—"

With a big smile, I walked into the spotlight and confidently stepped on stage to a cascade of *boos* that came thundering down on me. Jerry stood at center stage to greet me, and as I smiled and waved to all those other brave people who were applauding (Sybil, Jackie, and Bruce) I asked him, off mike, "Who did you introduce me as, *Khrushchev?*"

Well, I said something to the crowd about being a fan, but then I made the mistake of saying Dylan *is* "What's Happening." More boos. They were really coming from only one section—that section between the one that starts at the extreme left end of the stadium and ends at the extreme right end. I was thankful for two things then: that I have had stage experience since I was nine years old and that I've got the guts of a Ham. This combination enabled me to maintain my cool.

"What you will hear tonight," I said to the crowd, "is neither folk nor folk rock nor any other contrived category of musical expression. The expression you'll hear is a *new*

music, simply called 'Dylan.' "

I actually heard some loud applause then and that's all I was waiting for. "Goodnight. Enjoy the concert and thank you very much."

Then, I turned to shake hands with Jerry who looked like he was in shock. He mentioned something about my being a Pro—and I walked off the stage. (And got many boos mixed with little applause). I stood in the wings a moment alone—all alone.

The way I felt, I thought it would be great if I could just keep "rolling" until I reached the safe confines of a monastery located about a mile down the road.

When I got back to our box, Sybil was laughing and crying at the same time saying, "Oh wasn't that awful. That's terrible, oh, poor Murray!"

Jackie, my ever-luvin', was just laughing. Then she added, "I told you it was not *your* crowd."

I looked at her in faked amazement, "What gave you *that* idea?"

Later on, Bobby Callender, who was then traveling around with a folk purist chick from the Village, came over to say, "Hey man, that was great." When he saw the bewildered look I gave him, he continued, "It's only because you've made it in your career that you were booed. Because *you* represent rock 'n' roll, and kids who dig rock, are, to this crowd, beneath their intellect. Wait till the second half and watch what happens if Dylan starts with the electric guitars and all his 'commercial folk rock songs.' "

He was right. It happened. They started *booing* Dylan, and hollering "We want the *old* Dylan."

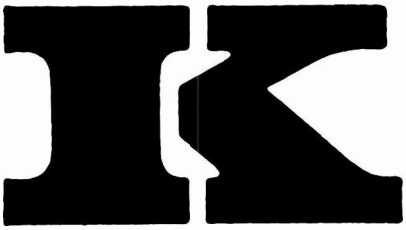
Meanwhile . . . back at the bull session . . . Beat was riled at Typ for implying that the Beat attitude on girls and sex wasn't really like he said it was! So I said:

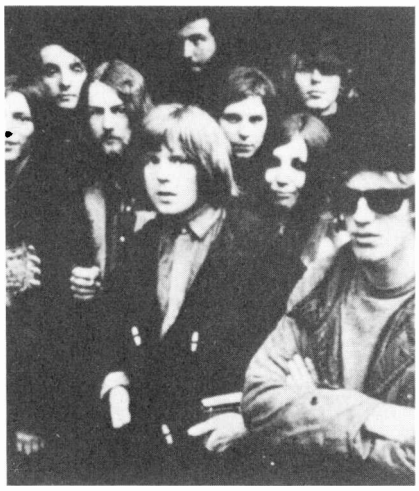
MK: "O.K. O.K. Typ, clarify what you mean."

Typ: "I think our friend here (pointing to Beat) is like all the Beats I know. They all seem to have phony attitudes and beliefs. For example, that 'cool it' love attitude of theirs never stands up under pressure of a test. Then, all these strange, way-out clothes, the long hair, and all the rest, are only an escape from what they call their 'hang-ups.' What I say is that it's an escape from *all* reality. The Beat takes the role of a character he can escape into. If he's accepted on his home grounds, meaning his family and his friends, he stays put. If he's not, he goes to live in a place like the Village where he *is* accepted as he presents himself.

"Now, (Beat and I tried to interrupt) "Just hear me out—I say that Beat here, or whatever you're calling him, is not *really* what he is presenting to you. He has no real convictions, except, 'Be cool, Man, be cool!' AND, if you want to talk about this—this Iceman here

—Now you don't seem so loud
Now you don't seem so proud
About being knocked off your keel
How does it feel
How does it feel
To be without a home
Like a complete unknown
Like a Rolling Stone.





and his attitude to girls"—(He sounded angry and almost personal about these points.) "That song with those lyrics—all the 'you-don't-define-or-confine-me-and-I-won't-confine-you bull. When a man or a boy really falls for a girl, that 'I won't confine you attitude' may still be O.K. for *him,* but it's not O.K. for her. *Now* he *does* want to define and confine *her,* and if she wants to stay independent as agreed, he can't take it. So he throws a mood! He leaves or, as he would say, 'splits the scene' and escapes into still another character who can fulfill those lyrics." (Long silent pause)

Beat: "Are you through, Professor?"

Typ: (Easing up a bit) "It's all yours—"

Beat: "To begin with, you contradicted yourself when you said that the Beats have no *real* conviction or attitude except 'Keep cool or be cool.' Keeping one's cool is half the battle in life. Take cognizance, man. This is a very definite attitude. Now supposing you are correct, old wise one, that the Beat escapes from his hang-ups by assuming a character expedient to his situation. It could be an honest search for his own identity, until he finds *himself.* Keeping your cool is buying time. Man, your *puritanical* put-down of people who are trying a healthier attitude toward sex and girls is nowhere. The Establishment's way, which forces hang-ups between people, isn't doing very well. If you dig figures, they show that fifty per cent of all marriages today end in divorce courts or in separations. To say nothing of unhappy marriages and, as you damn well know, unhappy children—and *that's* not even a *healthy* put-down!"

Nabe: "Wow!"

MK: "Pardon me, but I think that this is getting a little personal, so if you don't mind, let's just get a look at you, Typ, and I've got two more questions to wrap it up. Go ahead, Typ, Give us a thumbnail!"

Typ: "O.K. I live in New York with my parents, but I go to an out-of-town college. I'm twenty, working for a law degree, and I admit to a conservative attitude toward dress and haircuts. I'm a true moderate in political philosophy because I think it's necessary to compensate for the extreme liberal and conservative choices we now have. Girls are a wonderment to me. I don't understand them now and I guess I never will. Maybe that's good; that way they will remain a mystery to me; and for *me,* it is, I guess, more romantic that way. My sex drive gives me no pain, but I still manage to get into trouble—probably because I am definitely *not* 'cool.' "

MK: "O.K., another question: music. Who are your favorites?"

Typ: "Ramsey Lewis Trio, Four Seasons, Miracles!"

Beat: "James Brown, Dylan, Peter, Paul and Mary, Supremes!"

Nabe: "Anthony and the Imperials, Motown, and I like the Byrds!"

MK: "What about English groups?" *(Four-star general silence.)*

MK: "What about it? Like the Beatles?"

Typ: "Oh, I like them, their sound and their movies. Hey, in *HELP!*, was that you climbing up the beach in that turban and Jockey shorts?"

MK: "Yes—did you dig that acting? Say Nabe, did the guys in your crowd like the Beatles when they first came to this country?"

Nabe: "The guys in my neighborhood at first were mixed up about them. When we saw pictures with the long hair, what did we know from guys looking like that? Guys who look like chicks are queers. So we had to first know that wasn't so. Then, after we liked their sound, we didn't involve ourselves because what would a *normal* guy be doing in a crowd of those screaming girls—

"Aw, you know what I mean—we weren't going to stand there and scream for them. Those chicks were too much. At least at your show, Murray, you could talk sensibly to them. With those English groups, they went nuts. All we fellows could do was just stand on the side and watch and listen."

MK: "Thank you so much. It was great. I appreciate you all coming up here. Incidentally, (turning to Typ and Beat) it's great for my purpose to witness the controversy between you two, but I could feel guilty if you left here with any ill feelings . . ."

Typ: "Don't feel guilty, it's not your doing—"

Beat: "This has been—goin'—" (At that point Jackie interrupted to say that Bobby Callender was on the phone. I took the call and in order for all to hear, I switched on my phone amplifier.)

Bob: "Hi, Murray?"

MK: "Hi, Bobby. Thanks, the session went great."

Bob: "Did those two behave themselves and keep their temper?"

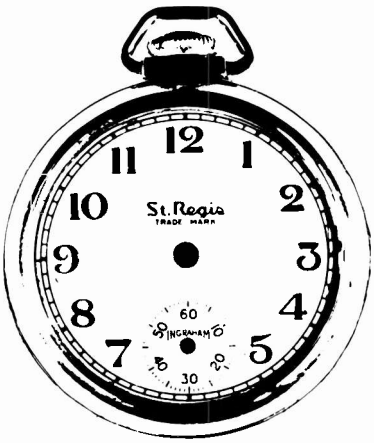
MK: (to Typ and Beat) "Do you fellows *know* each other?"

Bob: "*Know* each other? Didn't they tell you?"

MK: "Tell me what?"

Bob: "They're brothers."

I watched from my window as the three walked out of the building back to the parking lot. Nabe got in a car with Typ —and Beat walked on alone, disappearing down the block.



Then take me dis ap-pear-in'
Through the smoke rings of my mind
Down the foggy ruins of TIME.

Far past the frozen leaven
The haun-ted fright-ened trees
Out to the windy beach
Far from the twisted reach
of Craz-y sorrow.

I'm ready to go anywhere
I'm ready for to fade
Into my own parade.
Cast your dancin' spell my way
I promise to go under it.

FULL COLOR COMICS INSIDE

NATIONAL EDITION

SUNDAY NEWS

NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER ®

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'It's what's happening, baby!'

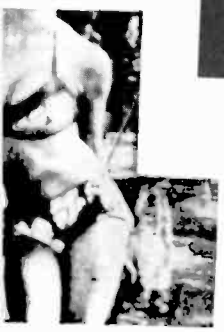
A KRAZY NEW WORLD EXPLODES

NEWS fote by Arnold Kroskin

Deejay Murray the K and wife Jackie rev up action at new club in airplane hangar, The World, where patrons get blasted with sight and sound. *Story, fotos in centerfold*

Deejay Murray the K and wife Jackie rev up action at new club in airplane hangar, The World, where patrons get blasted with sight and sound. *Story, fotos*

Deejay Murr
The World, w



can swing your own gadget, Debbie Butler, if partnerless.

Claudia Martin gets a sty
Aron Kincaid. She's Dee

ed the hangar into something
ld.
16,800 square feet is nothing
g this are 21 screens for pro

I hate ignorance and I don't mean the ignorance of the uneducated—but rather the ignorance of the so-called well-educated and the pseudo-sophisticates, the members of the Establishment.

Now, in broad terms, the Establishment is the people and organizations who are self-appointed jurists, who use as guide lines the old, accepted, traditional ways.

I'm not qualified to oppose or defend the attacks against the Establishment in such areas as student revolts, Vietnam demonstrations, or political student parties. (Some say such organizations are growing because they were formed by students and are led by students, and that the very extreme leftist groups fail to enlist students, just because of their tired old adult political line and adult domination. (Nor do I wish to delve into what some describe as the Sex Revolution—that practice of sexual freedom and premarital relations which supposedly indicates completely different values from the adult world. I pass on that, too. And I'm not a theologian who can explain why young people who, seeing hypocrisy all around them, feel the Church is not *doing the right thing and say, "We have to form our own religion—one that is believable."*

You often hear such explanations of anti-Establishment attitudes as:

I *do* agree with one *general* statement about today's generation: It *is* the first generation to grow up with the fear of instant world annihilation. And you must admit this is a pretty fair reason for a "different" attitude about life.

And I do agree with one *specific* statement about the kind of society the Establishment offers. It *is* mainly a phony world with phony people trying to sell today's generation on yesterday's values. Socially and morally these people maintain two standards of behavior—one for the Establishment, another for the younger generation. And I *do* agree that the Establishment in the business and entertainment world seems to be run and compounded on lies. White lies, half-truths, inferences—any name you want to use—a lie is a lie is a lie is a lie, baby!

And I do feel qualified to damn the Establishment for its role in the communications fields and the popular arts. About that subject, I can propose an indictment. Therefore, I indict, here and now, the fol—

Suddenly my own inner voice, my "self" breaks in (The way I figure it, the Self is located right behind the throat, where the very first sounds of life come from.)

"*Wait a minute, hold it. Don't lose* your *perspective and sensitivity. Easy, my man. You're losing your cool.*"

"*The first thing you must do is get down off the soap box. Unless you are about to make a sour grapes speech. How can you prove anything by your own put-down of the Establishment's put-downs?*

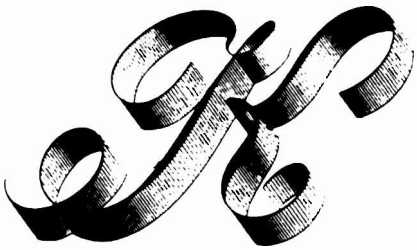
Chapter 4

Damn the Establishment!

or The Dilemma of What to Do about the Dastardly Detractors of Progress, and the Dogmatic, Dyspeptic, Don't Know Where It's at People in High Places

or My chance for Catharsis

The young people of the 1950's did not emerge as a force because of the intimidation of McCarthyism.
or They were mesmerized because of the bomb!
or The Beats cut themselves off from society to show their disdain!
or Young people don't *want to change the world, they just don't want the world to change* them.
Or shall I comment on those that carry such signs as MAKE LOVE—NOT WAR?



"*Now,*" Old Self instructed, "*Cool it for thirty seconds. Ready now,*" came the command. "Activate *your other world!*"

Obediently, I "switched on."

My other world . . . my other world . . . and I began my ascent up out of myself like an astronaut on a space walk. My mind was in a waking dream state. Like the time when I was a catcher for the Peekskill Military Academy baseball team. It was to be the first time I *started* a game. I was miserable because, at ten in the morning, it was raining, and, if it did not stop before noon, the game would be called.

Suddenly I was on one of my trips to my other world and I could hear my "self" telling me, "Switch those two lamp plugs into opposite sockets and put one light on in each lamp. Then turn on the bathroom light and lock all other doors." It *was* nutty, but . . . I just automatically did all those things. At 10:40 A.M. the rain that had been forecast for the entire day, *stopped*. (How do you possibly tell that to anyone? You settle for "I had a feeling it would stop.")

As a young teen, I referred to my world as the world of ZYZ (pronounced ZIGHS) because if it were in the dictionary, it would have been the last world. And in my world, I always had the last word.

The first "trip" of this kind that I remember was when as a very young kid, I was waiting for an elevator. All of a sudden, I say to myself, as I disappear out of the world, "If the elevator gets here in exactly eighteen seconds, you won't catch the scarlet fever the kid next door has. The elevator arrives exactly in eighteen seconds—and I don't catch scarlet fever!

Later in life this "world" became an escape from pain and grief, or a way of keeping myself from going off the deep end—like this time, when my inner self is "holding court" out of this world!

"Hear ye—Hear ye—" the Clerk of the court shouted, "the special Supreme Court of the United States is now in session."

"Everybody rise." There was a lot of rising—4,000 people in the theater, which had been converted to a courtroom. "The Groovy people of the United States vs. Assorted People and Corporations which make up the Establishment. The Honorable Judge Paul Newman presiding." (Although Paul never played a judge before, he wore the black robes with a professional air.)

Judge Newman looked at the papers before him and said, "Would the Attorney for the People come to the bench, please."

Murray the K in his black, six-button, double-breasted Edwardian suit—with modified bell bottoms—strode to the bench, (sans straw hat). "Good morning, Your Honor," said the K.

From the prisoner's docket one of *them* sneered, "You expect him to say Your Honor, baby!"

(Court Reporter Tom Wolfe noted this aside in his notes.)

Judge: "Good morning — Mur — er —umm — I mean, is the People's Attorney ready to proceed?"

MK: "Yes, Your Honor!"

Judge: "Will the Attorneys for the Defense of the Establishment come to the Bench?'

(David Susskind and William B. Williams walked to the Bench followed by another stocky figure.)

Susskind: (Smiling charmingly) "Good morning, Your Honor."

Williams: "Your honor, I'm Willie B. You remember — Steve Lawrence's friend!"

Judge: "Yes, yes, who is this gentleman behind you? Who are *you*, sir?"

O'Brian: "I'm Jack O'Brian, Your Honor. I'm a special case. I'm waiting for my counselor to arrive."

Judge: "Who may that be?"

O'Brian: Walter Winchell."

Judge: "Would you please wait for him in the special case room? Now, is the Defense ready, gentlemen?"

Williams: "Our whole world is ready, Judge."

Judge: (Looking sharply at Williams) "What did you say?"

Susskind: (Hastily) "It's just a quaint radio expression, Your Honor."

Judge: (The Judge instructed the court reporter, Tom Wolfe) "Just put down that I wore a bemused kandy-kolored peppermint smile! Bailiff, call in the jury."

The jury is seated.

William Smokey Robinson—of the Miracles—Foreman
Sonny Bono—of Sonny and Cher
Jordan Christopher—of movies and music
Anthony Newley—of the Theat—tuh
Diana Ross—of the Supremes
Tucker Frederickson—of the N.Y. Football Giants
Joe Tex—of Soulsville
Jim McGuinn—of the Byrds
John Lindsay—of New York City
Sara Jane McWilliams—of Teensville
Ann-Margret—of Hol—ly—wood
Barbra Streisand—of Never Never Land
AND . . .

The Judge read the charges to the Prisoners who all pleaded not guilty, except Jack O'Brian, who was still waiting for Winchell, who was out checking a story that Paul McCartney and Jane Asher *were* really married. Nevertheless,

There was Mary-Ann and Peg-gy-Sue and good gol-ly Miss Molly was even there too
So splish-splash I jumped back in the bath
How was I to know there was a party going on?

Degenerate? Debauched?

Continued from Centerfold

City, make the World sound like the biggest thing created since the Book of Genesis:

"The traditional entertainment of today—movies, theatre, radio, television, rock 'n' roll shows—all channel our interest to a single focal point. We are always reacting to this 'focal point' and never allowed to be part of it—to be at the center. The central concept of Murray the K's World is that the individual is the 'focal point' and everything is happening around him. . . .

"Suddenly! Hidden cameras zoom in on the dance floor and you better give it everything, cause suddenly! You are on screen! And you can be discovered! On closed-circuit TV your friends can spot you on the 5,000-square-foot dance floor and vice versa. You can spot someone on the giant screen that you'd like to dance with and make a date for the next dance. And someone can discover you. It's the fungame of mix and match. . . .

"You will have a new attitude and we defy you to maintain your cool!"

An enchanted evening, indeed, meeting a stranger on a TV screen across a crowded 16,800-square-foot room . . . and somehow finding your way to her while the music of Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels and gigantic slides of butterflies or Batman are competing for your attention.

The fact that today's electronics-conditioned human beings enjoy being surrounded by sight and sound was emphasized by the success at the World's Fair of exhibits like Johnson's Wax "To Be Alive" or IBM's "Information Machine" [illegible] viewers watched a mixture of [illegible] in simultaneous projection —

"Blow your mind," the ads invite and warn, "First come first served. Occupancy by more than 750 people is considered unlawful."

Right in the heart of Manhattan at [illegible] Broadway, near 53d St., is the [illegible] [illegible]ctors are Borden [illegible] [illegible]own for being Adlai [illegible] middle son, and Olivier [illegible]quelin, who helped introduce discotheques with his place, Le Club, ancient [illegible]y now.

This establishment has three floors that include an 8,000-square-foot dance area, seating accommodations for 1,800 people, color television, Scopitone dance movies, old movies picked for "camp" appeal, a clothes shop specializing in British "mod" styles, pushcarts selling quarter hot dogs and a self-service bar for beer, wine and soft drinks.

Unlike Murray the K's, the Cheetah assigns its movies, TV and dancing to separate areas. Patrons wander, depending on their mood, but the dance floor's no rest home. It has three stages for rotating entertainers and 3,000 changing overhead lights.

"Discotheques are passe," The Cheetah's public relations spokesman proclaimed. "Why, I was in Buffalo the other day and they have 12 discotheques!"

The Cheetah, he said, is a "here and now" club, "a place where things are happening!"

Sad news for anyone who's just beginning to make the discotheque scene and there's precious little consolation in the fact that Stevenson has said he doesn't really like rock and roll music or the fact that Warhol has been known to put cotton in his ears at his own entertainme[illegible] Now you'll need blinders as well.

[illegible]er response" [illegible]
[illegible]ll, r

a plea of not guilty was automatically entered for him—O'Brian, that is.

Here is a copy of:

The Charge

The Establishment is Guilty of:

1. Treating most people under twenty-four as second-class citizens—stifling the expression of their attitudes and particularly downgrading their tastes in clothes and music.

2. Bearing false witness against today's music and many of its performers and supporters.

3. The Newspaper Establishment is guilty of: not allowing full Freedom of Speech.

A. Less than one-half of one percent of papers print the "under-twenty-two" point of view in the popular arts. When they *are* covered in the editorial and news sections, the young people are represented ninety percent of the time only by kids who get in trouble.

B. The Press shows its lack of public responsibility by using a double standard: TV critics of the Tabloids accuse networks and personalities of programming certain "low-brow" music and TV shows, just to obtain big ratings and advertising revenue. Yet these are the same papers that publish stories every day of illicit love affairs. They describe in detail intimate, natural and unnatural sexual acts. The feature pictures of half-nude girls, rapists, murder victims, wife-switchers, and lurid comic strips. When the newspapers are asked why all this goes on, they reply, "Ha! Ha! Got to keep up the circulation and give the people what they want, you know." But there has not yet been a single detracting critic from these papers who has refused to accept their money.

C. Most newspapers refuse to assign competent people who either know or who are fans of today's music and entertainment.

4. The TV Establishment is guilty of:

A. TV music programs lack honesty. They cop-out on or water shows down with big-name guests who have *no* connection with the music.

B. They accept advertising that insults the intelligence (even of people over thirty-five and intellects).

5. The Establishment in the motion picture industry is guilty of: adding nothing in thirty years except larger screens and larger bosoms. (Though I hate to mention the bosoms, since I have nothing against *their* establishment.)

6. The Establishment of the theater is guilty of: Letting the theater grow old. Not a change in music or expression in the musical comedy stage in forty years. Establishment's theater offers *nothing* for the young.

7. The Establishment in radio is guilty of: Completely overlooking talent with show-business experience and creative management with an entertainment background.

8. The Establishment is guilty, finally, of: turning over to this generation a tense *race* situation born of *its* bigoted background.

Judge: "The charges having been read and the pleas entered, the Prosecution may begin its presentation."

MK: "Thank you, Your Honor. Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury, in asking you to return a verdict of guilty as charged, I suggest to you that the groovy People, most sincerely, do not seek this verdict for revenge against those who don't like today's music or attitudes or young people or modern art. The In-people consider tradition, proven values, and the years of distinguished experience of some of our citizens as most valuable assets. We also know that this country has always had a certain number of people in high places who opposed anything new, and that we have survived and prospered in spite of them.

"Why then, such an *angry* crusade? There is an urgent need for new values, because while a world social revolution explodes all around us, there is also a bloodless revolution going on in the arts. It has mushroomed to a force that *must* become locked into the social revolution. This means *rapid progress is necessary.*

"The defendants are guilty of prejudiced put-downs. *They* are defamers of progressive people and of new expressions. *They* ridicule the views of people *they* consider too young, the attitudes *they* consider too radical or frivolous. *They* frustrate and madden us by refusing to even *examine* these new forms with today's perspectives. *They* are endangering our growth and future.

"Yet . . . they are to be pitied! For they are suffering from a serious sickness, which is highly contagious—and therefore dangerous to us all. That sickness, Ladies and Gentlemen, is . . . the *status quo.* The STATUS QUO.

"In one sense, there isn't anything wrong with the *status quo,* with becoming set in your ways and tastes, as long as you *don't* use these values for *judgment* of *others.* Or, as in the case of the Establishment, wield your power to reject the demands put upon you by forward-thinking people.

"We in the popular arts recognize our responsibility to the principles of world progress. We know our potential and our ability to establish immediate rapport with young people everywhere." (Just as the young people *in* our popular arts are aware of the many world problems.) "Young people all over the world demand honesty and new values. They know we must be daring—daring enough to innovate.

"The *status quo* must *go!*—Go! GO!

"Fact is even many radio and TV stations that *do* play the music of today, present it in the old, contrived, inane man-

ner. They talk to the audience as if it were twelve years old. The 'hip' style of the dee-jay is no longer 'cool.' It only detracts from the new expression which has replaced the 'say nothing' songs of the early sixties.

"It also is fact that it is no longer the world of Thornton Wilder or Irving Berlin, sad as that may be to some people. That romantic frame of reference can't be accepted by the people who were born during World War II and whose psyche was fathered by the atom bomb.

"For example, the Establishment forces had something to say about the recent race riots. Yet, the Negro's growing unrest is a problem which the new generation inherits, just *because* of the Establishment's long-term mishandling of race relations.

"Not content with their own bungling, they have stopped or maligned anyone with a new approach that breaks with their tradition. You approach race problems, tradition says, with an intellectual and logical approach based on psychological surveys, field reports from social workers, slogans, and political participation and support.

"To a poor Negro, poverty means not eating or living very well. It means bad education and discrimination. This is an emotional situation. People who are hungry and mad can't be counted on to be very 'intellectual.' They are, in fact, pretty emotional.

"Well, as you already know, a new approach for the Anti-Poverty Program that was designed to establish communication with the affected people proved successful on the emotional level, but was so maligned in the Establishment's press and political quarters that it was abandoned.*

"We can't afford the bumbling Establishment anymore, because we can no longer afford the luxury of yesterday and the *status quo!* It's *not* what's happening!

"I ask you on behalf of the People to find the Establishment guilty as charged!"

(Wild applause)

* *See later chapter.*

Judge: "Order in the Court. The Defense is invited to make its opening remarks."

David Susskind: "Thank you, Your Honor. Distinguished ladies and gentlemen of the jury! It's unbelievable, really, that instead of Murray the K defending the cacophony of sound they call music today, I am asked to represent the . . ."

Suddenly I knew that I was about to be bored with the same old, old feeble arguments. I couldn't bear to hear William B. Williams talk of good musicianship, etcetera, so this being *my* world of ZYZ, I arranged to cut Susskind off with some magic just as inane as his attitudes toward music. (I saw to it that a note was delivered to him.)

Court Clerk Tom Wolfe noted: Suddenly a note was brought to David Susskind. He read it and paled.

Susskind: Your Honor, if it pleases the Court, we of the Establishment wish to change our plea to guilty and to throw ourselves on the mercy of the Court.

And, as I started my descent back to my body, I noticed William B. Williams crying, his tears flowing all over his Ella-Fitzgerald-Jerome-Kern Song Book, Album Volume II, and sure enough, there was Jack O'Brian still waiting for Walter Winchell.

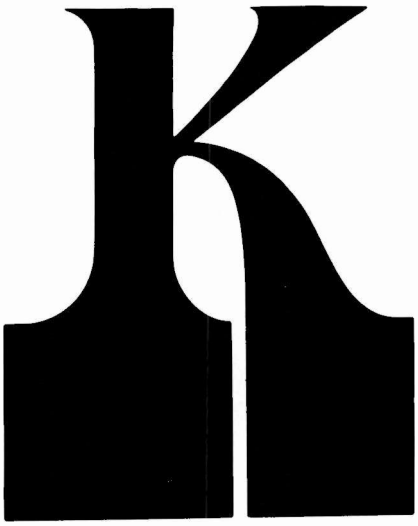
What? Oh yes, the note that caused this historical dramatic switch? Well, here it is:

David, baby:

One more word in defense of the Establishment. Just one — and the world will know your secret. That you are the number one fan of the Caped Crusader and the Boy Wonder. Yes, Batman and Robin, and it is you who decides when to put either Splat! Kerplow! Zap! Biff! or Kr-runch on the screen. If it's my mouth I OPEN, it's your END . . . baby.

(Signed) A Fiend.

BATMAN! BATMAN! BATMAN!



My parents

Chapter 5

The Phlegmatic Picayune Parochial Permissive Pernicious Phenomenal Painful Perpetual Thing Called Parents

or What to Do about the Pestilence? That Contagion, that Plague Married People Get after Having Sex—Children!

Better stop and look a-round
Here it comes, *Here it* comes, *Here it* comes
Here it comes
It's just your nine-teenth ner-vous break-down—

HELP—I need some-bod-y
HELP!—I want some-bod-y
HELP!—I need some-bod-y
HEL-L-L-LP!

"Put it into perspective, Murray." Better put it into perspective, cried that familiar voice from within. That's the most important point to establish so this chapter is not misunderstood.

Just remember that there are that many "types" of parents from great to gruesome. So step right up, and pick out one for yourself or a friend!

So, What's my attitude in writing about parents? Do I write from hating my parents or loving them, from someone else's viewpoint or from the parents' viewpoint?

To answer in order.

No, I don't hate my parents. Yes, I love them, and I'll write from as many points of view as I need to make my point clear, though I'm not clear yet as to what my point is. But one thing I know is that there isn't anything wrong with apple pie and milk and you can't find fault with a pizza and a glass of beer, either . . . whatever that means.

Which means, that I'm not about to tell anyone how to think about their own parents or anything else. I'm just writing the words; it's up to the reader to put them where they belong.

(What about the children from the parents' viewpoint? *Or shouldn't I spock to you?)*

HERE ARE SOME FACTS

A soldier or sailor goes through basic training.
A printer serves an apprenticeship.
A doctor studies six years after college before he can deliver a baby—
The only job on earth that you don't have to be mentally competent for, or have any training for, is the job of being a *parent!*

Some people do a great job, but I'll bet they *really* work at it! I don't mean just loving (which in this reference is a very misused word), but *working* at it.

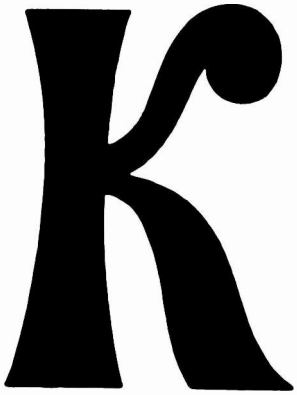
Parents forget that they took on the job of being parents. The children did not take on the job of being children. When parents shirk their job, the child takes over control, and there's one of these little monsters on every block!

Let's talk in this chapter *only* about those parents and teens who are out of "synch" with each other, who are having tough times trying to communicate and live together.

MOST PARENTS DON'T KNOW WHERE IT'S AT—

Of course, *I* do. My sons tell me that and they should know. My sons are *brilliant.*

Every difference of opinion we have, we discuss from *their* viewpoints and hang-ups. As an adult I can't expect the teen, who hasn't been an adult yet, to have my viewpoint. If I have a point to make, I try to make it playing his ball game, seeing it through his eyes. That's one of the jobs of being good ole dad. If I can add each time a *little* understanding



of the adult's (my) logic, so much the better. You've heard the old cliché—stay young with your kids. Well, do it, dad or mom, or both!

Let it be clear now! *I* had a stormy teen life. My parents and I were in constant conflict. It wasn't that we didn't love each other, because we did. But I *still* haven't made my point of view clear to them.

Before anyone assumes that I am for children having a free reign, let it be clear that I believe discipline and routine applied properly are *necessities* for building a healthy mind.

Parents and their sons and daughters really find out about each other when they can't come to an agreement about something. That's when the parent finds out how much respect he has earned from his kid and how well he has taught the true meaning of respect.

You *don't,* I repeat, *don't* earn respect just by being a parent. Your child is only what you did or did not put into him. Character isn't born, it is built, but definitely. You hear parents say about their children who do something wrong or get in trouble, "I don't understand it—I've always told and preached the right things." Well, telling isn't teaching, and preaching isn't teaching.

These parents who don't know where it's at are either lazy, or selfish, or smothering, or uncaring, or behind the times. They can't adjust and they don't want their children to be too far from *their* world. They may have only such values as money, position, and power to teach their "youngin's." They may resort to "Yours is not to reason why, yours is just to love me, obey me, respect me, because *I* am your *parent.*"

And when your kid looks at you with that "drop dead" look in *its* eyes—*it* really means drop dead! But *it's* gotta eat and make out so *it* stays in your house and starts building up all kinds of problems and hang-ups that *it* can tell *its* analyst about (if *it* can afford one) in a few years.

Can't buy me lo-ove—
Can't buy me lo-ove.

LET'S LOOK AT SOME PRACTICALS AND BASICS!

The parent must adjust to today's world, the teen can't adjust to the old one of its parents. This is the parent's responsibility. This does not mean he has to act like a teen-ager, or to like their music or fashions. But it does mean being aware of these things.

The world from 1946 to 1966 has, for example, advanced faster than the combined total years since it began. In 1946 airplanes traveled at speed of 350 m.p.h.; nowadays our rockets reach speeds in excess of 17,000 m.p.h. That is a measuring gauge for almost everything, including changes in attitudes.

This does *not* mean forsaking moral or other principles, but rather updating your point of view! Maybe 2.000 years' worth. This is the world of social revolution and of added responsibilities, fears, and pressures on teens that most of

their parents *never* had. Nowadays, many parents can't even help fifth and sixth graders with their math lessons because of the new approach, which depends on logic and reason, as well as the tables.

That's just one reason why parents can no longer count on blind respect and obedience. They have to work harder than their own parents to get it and keep it. Today the youngster is taught not to *just accept* the answer, not to accept blind obedience.

A teen puts down anything phony, particularly parents who preach one way and act another!

Truths should be taught before reaching teen age. Old dogmas are from another world. Lines like "If you don't eat, you'll get sick," or "God will punish you if you do that," make some parents sound like witch doctors from the Middle Ages.

"If you do that, just pack your clothes and get out of here," is a statement that also destroys nice healthy minds. Parents who say these things are showing they can't communicate with their children.

Teens who are in conflict with their folks don't want to *be like* or *look like* their parents.

If teens are rejected as people or their tastes are downgraded or they can't associate with the parents' values and ways of life, they rebel in different ways. They will dress completely differently from their parents. Their hair will be styled to set them apart from what parents approve of; they will acquire new friends who have similar needs. And when they do these things, they are again saying:

HELP! I need some-body—
HELP! I need some-bod-y.

Some teens, particularly in the lower income groups, who can't break away in reasonable forms, escape into the unreal world that narcotics provide. Some rebel against the society of their parents via crime. Promiscuity in sex is another definite rejection of parents' values and attitudes.

When I was young
so very you-ng
Much young-er than to-day
I nev-er thou-ght—

WE ARE NOW HALFWAY THROUGH THIS CHAPTER!

So I showed it to a few parents.

One father, obviously not a fan of mine, said, "They have too much *freedom now*. It's because I *care* that I don't let my kid do . . . and I don't allow . . ."

My answer to him was that we haven't mentioned freedom nor is it what teens want. "Freedom is *you* being free of the responsibility of feeding, clothing, schooling, loving, and caring for them. Your kids don't *want* that. If you haven't taught your teen right from wrong, the meaning of responsibility, and most important, shown him respect by giving him an opportunity to be trusted, you already have a problem; so does your teen.

"You seem very emotional about teen-agers," I remarked.

To which he clichéd, "Of course, I'm emotional, it's my kid, isn't it? Just because you play that lousy music that

makes them nuts doesn't give you the right to tell parents how to raise their children." (His daughter was in the room then and I wondered if she really felt what I saw in her eyes when he said that.)

It's just your nine-teenth ner-vous break-down
Here it comes, Here it comes, Here it comes, Here it—

AND NOW—ANOTHER PARENT INTERVIEW . . .

Mother: "The way I look at it is this: radio and TV have a lot to do with children being so difficult."

Teen-aged son: "Aw, Mom."

Mother: "You keep still, he asked me the question, not you. Besides, I *know* what you think." (I wish you could have heard the way she phrased that. It came out more like: Besides, I know what *you* think! You slave, you idiot.)

Mother: "Well, those radio shows, with that insidious music blasting away, fill their heads with nonsense. The music shouts—those disc guys on the air shout—the commercials shout."

Shout—! a lit-tle bit soft-er now
Shout! a little bit softer now
Woe, Woe Woe—Woe
Shout! a little bit lou-d-er now
SHOUT! A LITTLE BIT LOUDER NOW!

"And those TV shows? Why the FCC should do something about those murder and sex shows, and teaching fellows and girls things before their time. It's a bad influence—"

Me: "Why, Madame, don't you realize that on TV today, they have one show with two characters, Batman and Robin, who would have made Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew seem like a degenerate duo?"

Mother: "Huh? What? What are you talking about?"

Son: "He means that show you said was stupid—"

Mother: (ignoring the rest of us) "Well, about that music, you call that music? You can't understand what they're singing. Why, in my day . . . (yakety yakety)."

Take out the papers and the trash—
Or you don't get no spending CASH—
and YAKETY YAK—*Don't come back.*

AND NOW, MEET ANOTHER BREED OF PARENT SPECIES:
THE ZINGERS

The subtle parents who outfool, outfox, and frustrate you the most. They zing you now and then and usually do things in a way that's tough to describe to outsiders. I mean you're not aware yourself of exactly how you're being boxed in because sometimes your parents don't even realize themselves they're doing anything. That confused sentence proves what I mean. Parents sometimes never change—even when they are grandparents!

LIKE STILL ONE MORE WELL MEANING PARENT: *My Mother*

My Mother: (on the phone) "O.K., listen, I won't say another word, what did I do, something bad? Just because *I* made an appointment for *your* son at the dentist you get so upset!"

Me: I have told you that he is *my* son and if it's necessary for him to see a dentist, it will be *my* dentist—unless, of course, you want to pay the bill.

My Father: (on the extension) He's right, you shouldn't do that. You promised that we would keep out of it —

Me: She can't, it's impossible—she has to run things.

My Father: Well, she only meant to help. She knows you're busy.

Me: Don't help. And if we *are* busy, he will tell us if his tooth hurts. He does speak well you know, for a teen.

Mother: "All right, I can't speak to you—that's what I get for caring."

ZING-G-G-G

All of which means that my *own* mother, whom I really love, is just as frustrating as yours is . . .

If parents choose to smother, over-love, over-protect their child, they have to face the consequences that children, no matter how old, don't appreciate that "laying my life down for you" approach. Fact is, they feel obligated to run from it, as well as resenting it.

$ $ $

When it comes to *money*: Parents who make things too easy for their children do them a disservice. Unless teens are made to do something to earn and appreciate money, they lose out on enjoying the good of life and won't be able to take the bad. I've seen more children's "temporary anger" turn into real love and appreciation for the parent who forces this lesson on them. And this is the kind of discipline that's worth having—a good parent sticking to a point, even though he has the financial means not to bother.

To the teens with problems. As long as you don't say:

I can nev-er go home any-more

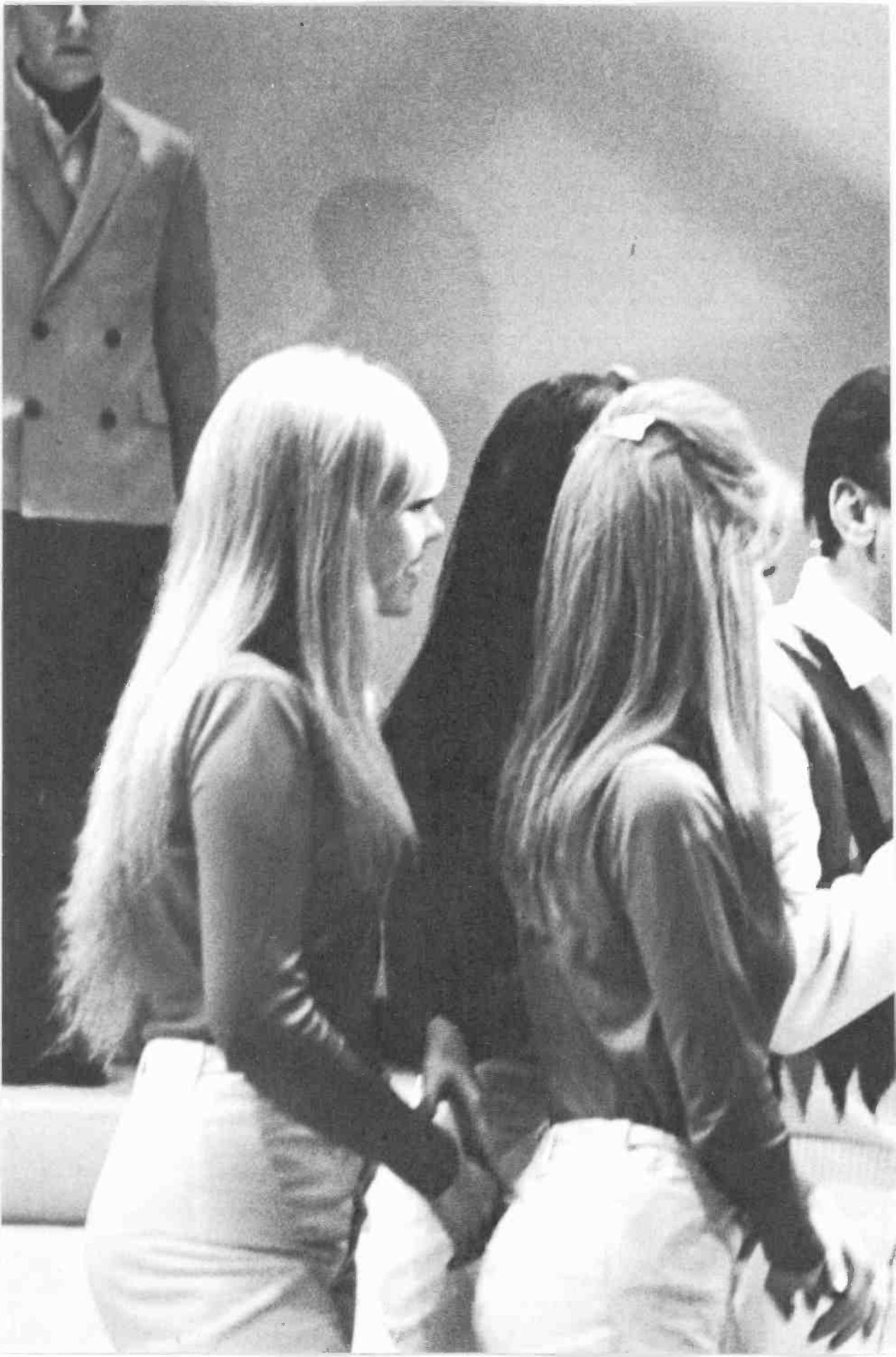
You've got a chance!

The theme is:

I don't want to look like you!
Be like you!
Or see like you!
HEY—*All I want to do is*
(*Mama* or *Papa*) *be friends with you.*

When you were a child you were treated kindly
But you were never brought up right
You were always spoiled by a thousand toys
Still you cried all night.
And your mother who neglected you
Owes a million dollars tax
And your father's still perfecting ways
Of making Sealing wax.

We can work it out
We can work it out
Try to see it my way—



IT'S WHAT'S HAPPENING BABY

Words and Music by
BOBBY DARIN

(CHORUS)

(IT'S) IT'S THE SAME ALL O-VER,

(WHAT'S) WHAT'S THE SAME ALL O-VER, HAP-PEN-ING, OH, ALL O-VER

BA-BY, ALL O-VER, IT'S A NEW THING COM-ING,

WE SURE HAVE START-ED SOME-THING, IT'S WHAT'S HAP-PEN-ING BA-BY

NOW.

1. IT USED TO BE, BAD FOR YOU AND ME
2. BA-BY, HOW I LAUGH, WHEN I THINK OF THE PAST,
3. OL' LA-DY JONES LEFT HER HAP-PY HOME.

TO WORK OUT ON THE FLOOR BUT IT AIN'T
EV-ERY-BOD-Y PUT US DOWN, FOR
SHE AIN'T BEEN SEEN IN WEEKS, SHE WENT DOWN

SO BAD NO MORE, 'CAUSE MY MOM AND DAD DO IT, TOO
DIG-GIN' ON THE GROOV-Y SOUNDS, EV-ERY-BOD-Y IN THIS NATION
TO SNEAK-Y PETE'S, SHE DID-N'T GO THERE FOR WORKIN'

SO IT'S O. K. FOR ME AND YOU. BE-CAUSE
IS CALL-IN' IT A NEW SEN-SA-TION.
NOW YOU SEE HER EV-ERY NIGHT A-TERK-IN'.

D.S.

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Chapter 6

The Subject Is Music

What Kind?
The Music on TV,
on Radio,
on Broadway.
The Music of Dylan
of Folk Purists of England.
The Influence in Music
by Independent Record Producers
by Dee-jays, by Payola,
by the Press.

Much of today's music honestly expresses current attitudes of both the social revolution and the one in popular entertainment. But it would be just as foolish to overstate the importance of these new expressions as it would be to ignore them.

In "telling it like it is," you have to start out by acknowledging that good communication between people is established sometimes by such small facts as how something is said, more than what is said. And when music is discussed remember—music tastes *are very personal.* So much so, that music can be classified in the same touchy category as religion and politics.

What one person believes to be a song that's "out of sight," is just "out of it" to another.

Songs communicate with the listener with lyrics or music or both. Because music has such personal meanings, it's foolish to argue about it. *Nevertheless,* during all of this country's musical eras, each new phase was ridiculed by the older generation. Every time I say this, some adult gets really bugged and says, "Yes, *but* . . . during my day at least you could understand the words and the singer—and tunes were prettier."

This old bromide is heard year after year and day after day. Ho, hum and what a sign of musical prejudice and *un*awareness—so typical of the Establishment's attitude!

To begin with, older people refer to *their* music as good music. What a laugh! Adults during my teen years called the music of Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, Bing Crosby, Ella Fitzgerald, and Frank Sinatra "horrible, loud and in bad taste—a fad!" The people who were teens then are now the very adults who refer to today's music in exactly the same style.

WHY? SIMPLE. IT WORKS LIKE THIS:

As a teen-ager you know all the songs, dances, and performers. (To this day your parents remember most of *their* songs and dances.)

Sum-mer you ole In-dian Sum-mer—
You're the dream that's come after
Moon-light's laugh-ter

Then, suddenly, *you're* an adult thrown into a new world of responsibility. You become involved in all kind of life problems (like a job, marriage, and children) with no time left to keep up with new songs and dances. One day, ten years later, you put on the radio and you hear a current hit record.

"*What's that?*" It's the new sound, the new lyrical attitude, the new type of performance, a horrible noise to you. The sound is strange, the people performing look strange, and the dances make no sense.

Adults suddenly become aware of "new music" during the time of much-publicized phenomena like Sinatra, Presley, and recently, the Beatles. Like the Beatles, these people effected changes in many areas. Their sounds and styles set off new dances and provided a chance to express new attitudes.

Old Rockin' Chair's got me
Chained to my side

When your hair has turned to silver
I will love you just the same
I love you
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
I love you
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
I love you
Yeah, yeah, yeah—YEAH.

What do the adults do with this great, odd new thing they can't understand?

THEY PUT IT DOWN.

Will *you* do that twelve to fifteen years from now?

Years ago there were approximately six major record companies with about forty top recording artists. Today, there are 500 record labels, about 225 of them solid. And there are 1,000 top recording artists in all the fields from R and B (Rhythm and Blues) to folk and country.

It could be confusing, but it's not for those who are up on what's happening! Adults who put today's music down don't really support even what they claim they like. Record sales for those good ole bands and vocalists are pitiful low, pardner.

And when they say *good* music? Stuff a kazoo in their mouthes. Good music *could* mean "Beethoven, Tschaikowsky, and Stravinski." I say *could* because someone will find fault with that statement, too. How's *Vivaldi,* baby? Yeah, Murray the K and Vivaldi with underground movies and Dali painting Blue Boy!

So if you sneer at today's music, but loved the music of your teens—that's O.K. You're just getting old, baby!

(And would you believe—)

THE MUSIC ON RADIO

We have had fourteen years of rock, big beat, pop, R and B, soul, or whatever you want to call it. It's the longest reign of *any* pop music era and it's growing stronger than ever. It has had its own evolution—starting from Bill Haley's days, through Elvis, the emergence of Ray Charles, and rhythm and blues (soul), country, folk—everything starting to fuse together.

Then came the Phil Spector sound, the Burt Bacharach sound, the Motown Detroit sound, the Beach Boy West Coast sound, the English sound—again a fusing with folk—and then the lyrical attitude of Bob Dylan, who was aware of them all. And—the fusing of instrumentalists like Ramsey Lewis and Herb Alpert with today's sounds.

There it was—the greatest mixing together of all the musical expressions in our own pop music history.

Has radio kept up with the music?

By *playing* the music? YES!

By its presentation? NO!

When Alan Freed first started playing rock 'n' roll, he was the only one in New York doing so. He was successful on the air and on stage in giving the young people what they wanted. Pretty soon, naturally, the followers came and every pop music station was playing all the hits—so that the music could be heard everywhere.

The next step was that the dee-jay became the main reason for listening to a particular station. The audience was selecting and listening to the performer or disc jockey they liked best. Of course, that's all been changed. Why? Because all the disc jockeys sound alike as far as their presentation and attitudes are concerned.

Radio and the dee-jays have to catch up with the music—they have to lose their inane, contrived, false happy talk and their meaningless presentation. Today's music has a definite expression. It has many innovations. Radio itself needs to innovate and explore more and sooner.

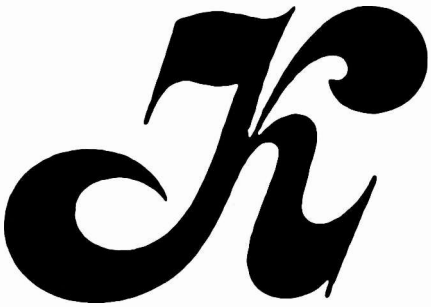
Radio's purpose, and the dee-jays too, should be to create a frame of reference for the *new* musical expression. Alas, today on radio a song is a song is a song is a song. No comment, no setting the scene—no *making* the scene either.

There are some exceptions—like Jack Lacey, who now is in Baltimore and was formerly with WINS, New York. I believe he is the perfect D.-J. He knows his music, understands it, creates a perspective for his audience. He can be serious or funny, without being contrived. He sounds like a human being and is the best salesman on radio. Yet New York radio stations couldn't find a place for him when WINS went all news—which is a pretty good indication of what New York radio is like nowadays.

I've left the above space open in case Jack Lacey would want to say a few words about me!

HOW MUSIC IS SELECTED FOR D.-J. SHOWS

Very few, if any, disc jockeys select their own music nowadays. If he ever had the ability to find new sounds and personalities, that talent is now wasted. This practice is not confined to pop stations. Station WNEW in New York, for example, which does not play any of today's pop music, but features personalities like William B. Williams, Klavan and Finch, Pete Meyers, Jim Lowe, etcetera, informed their disc jockeys overnight that all music to be played on their shows would be selected for them. So, the music personality is left without any way to express himself through the music he plays. (This edict has since been modified.)



Some stations have "music meetings" each week in which the program director, record librarian, and a few dee-jay vote on what new records to add to the music list. Many of these meetings are farces because the program director has the veto power—like in the U.N. So some jocks don't even bother attending, or do so only if they have to.

When I was a dee-jay, my audience voted every night by phone for their choice of the day's outstanding new releases. We would average 8,000 calls a night. My listeners were the ones who really had control of the music on my show. In 1965, management at WINS forced changes in my format by having controlled music meetings. They curtailed the listener contact by cutting out my music contests and beeper phone conversations and my twelve-year habit of beginning each show with Frank Sinatra, so—I left! Most modern program directors and record librarians have little or no musical background. Most radio execs are lawyers, former salesmen, or come from other non-creative backgrounds. The theory in radio today is this: Protect the license; business is good. The air waves are *ours* (even though they really belong to the public) and they are *free* (even though the listener-owner has no control whatever)—Individual expression and creativity—*no!* Control, *si!*

No-where man please list-en
You don't know what you're mis-sin'

MUSIC ON TV

The presentation of music on TV hasn't changed since the Hit Parade days. The same tired production numbers turn up, only with different dances, costumes, and songs. Today's music has something more than that to say. It has a purpose if it is presented honestly.

Take modern lyrics. . . . Got them? Well, you'll notice that they say what people are really thinking about life or love, marriage, sex, war, responsibility, the draft, etcetera. There's no sign of the bomp-dee-bomp-bomp lyric.

Today's lyrics are a cry for honesty, a commentary on the way modern kids look at life. Songs aren't "for dreams only," anymore. Now they say what's happening baby.

"Nowhere Man." It faces up to and makes a comment on the mess between generations:

Nowhere man please listen
You don't know
What you're mis-sin
No-where man—

Programs like Shindig and Hullabaloo had initial success because they were the first prime time network shows to play pop music. The audience was willing to pay the price of waiting through the show for just one honest performance —that is, to see the act which actually made the hit record. The viewer finally gave up on these shows when the networks tried to palm off the like of Boris Karloff, Robert Vaughn, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Skitch Henderson (who has admitted he hates this kind of music), and other hosts who, ill at ease with the music, only added to the continued phoney façade.

In February, 1966, I tried something different on TV: a two-hour "special" in which I presented a chief exponent of each of the eight most popular music categories, plus a segment in which I danced the teen dances of eighteen to twenty years ago. As each act was presented I made it clear what kind of music the performers were representative of. The acts each had fifteen minutes to perform and to tell more about their kind of music. Such stars appeared as: the Byrds, the Ramsey Lewis Trio, Jay and the Americans, Anthony and the Imperials, the Shangrilas, Joe Tex and the Four Seasons and the groovy "K" girls.

It was the highest rated show in ten years for Metro Media, WNEW Channel 5, New York; KTTV, Los Angeles; Channel 5, Washington, D.C. It had a 30 rating (and that's high, man). I modestly tell you all this because the aim of that special program was an *honest* presentation, uncontrived, no gimmicks, no production distractions, no go-go girls in the background.

(I believe that putting the music in a perspective people could dig, and giving mom and dad a chance to have some fun, too, were the real reasons for the program's success.)

We have since presented two more specials with the same success. Which discounts the theory that pop music is not successful on TV.

He's as blind as can be
Just sees what he wants to see
No Where Man—
Do you see me at all?

HONESTY IS BATMAN

. . . in its honest "*put on*" of the Caped Crusader. It may not last very long, but the program's instant success was due mainly to the fact it was *meant* to be an unbelievable farce. As far as other shows are concerned, they're just not making it—they're not imaginative, either in what they present, or in how they present it.

TV CRITICS ON POP MUSIC

Except for the vary rare exception, most television critics, with their admitted prejudices against new music, are as qualified to criticize today's pop music as the grand wizard of the Ku Klux Klan is qualified to review a speech by the Reverend Martin Luther King.

MUSIC ON BROADWAY

I have asked John Lennon and Paul McCartney to write a score for a Broadway show. *I* think it would be great. It could give a new dimension to the musical comedy stage, a dimension it sorely needs. Not since the 1930's have we seen any new concept in musical presentation.

Paul said, "I agree, Murray, but I think we would also like to write the book. Of course, that would take a lot of time which we don't have right now."

John added, "It would be fun. I mean, like you said before,

Murray—using lyrics and music coming from outside of the action on stage. It'd be good, because people under thirty just do not go to the theater now!"

Paul continued, "Besides, it's corny when some actor says, 'I really love you,' and this woman across the stage answers singing (using falsetto soprano voice), 'Does he really love me?' See what I mean? It's not believable, Murray! You know Murray, babe . . ."

Yea Paul, the old man theater is No-WHERE.

He's a real No-where man
Sitting in His No-Where land
Making all his No-Where plans
for NO-BOD-Y.

"**D**o us a favor Murr-ee," requested George Harrison.
"**Y**ou name it, George," I said. "Get us ALL a Dy-
Lan Album if you can." "Whom did you
A*ll* say," I asked, imitating George. "Dylan, you know
Bob DYLA-
N. Don't you know him?" George asked.

The year was 1964, the Beatles and I were on a train en route to Washington, D.C., for their very first U.S. concert.

Editor's Note:
The following conversation, never before taped or published, is true, real, genuine, the Word:

Paul: "What's the matter with you, George? A King can't know all his subjects?"

MK: "I . . ."

Ringo: "What are you now, one of those rock and roll kings?"

MK: "Well . . . I . . ."

John: "Why you *dirty ole* king!"

Paul: 'Tch. Tch. Tch. Murr-ree, babe, I'm suprised at you!"

George: (Ignoring all the conversation.) "In fact, if there is more than one—try to get them all."

Ringo: "Say puh-leeze! What's a matter with you George, are you soft?"

John: "Yeah! George, are you soft?"

Paul: "Like those quaint Americans say—YEAH! George, baby!"

John: "Better get me some Dylan, too, while you're at it."

Ringo: "Me, too!"

Paul: "There you are Murray, stuck again."

MK: "O.K. I'll get you four Bob Dylan Albums."

All Four: "Each!"

The first thing I did when we returned to New York was to call up a friend and ask "*Who* is Bob Dylan?" To which he replied, "Why? Are you converting?"

"What do you mean converting?" I didn't know if he was talking about religion or if he was casting a slur on Mr. Dylan's character or istics?

"Since when are you going in for folk music?" he clarified.

So then I knew.

I was curious about Dylan because of the *Beatles'* interest, and started listening to his albums. At first I found myself saying, "This don't make it for me." I remember getting up and walking out of the listening room only to pull up short. "Wait a minute," I said to self, "you are putting something down without giving it a chance to get through."

So I marched home with the album, sat myself down, and listened intently to Dylan. I didn't exactly become an immediate convert, but I recognized what the Beatles dug and I felt Dylan was really telling it like it honestly looked to him.

I started playing selections from his album on the air, two or three tunes a week. Then once a night for a spell. Then I remember dropping it, and going back when the station's program director and I got straight. Finally I became hooked on the whole Dylan scene. (This includes the way he handles the press.)

Oh, yes, that reminds me, I must answer a recently quoted Bob Dylan query. Yes, Bob, it could be you're right, that Mick Jagger *is* really Ma Rainey!

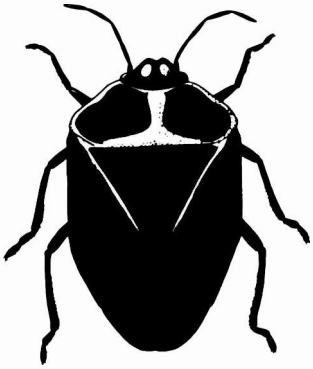
Dylan and the Beatles have a lot in common with regard to their attitudes to the press, to people, *and* to their detractors. (You notice how I separated press from people.) Dylan and the Beatles are very honest and they also have a great attitude about themselves. Bob Dylan has been a major stimulant for the music business and should be credited with inspiring new lyrical expressions in pop music. To categorize Dylan's music as all protest and message songs is ridiculous. W. C. Fields and Mae West sang message songs and wrote *lines* that were *protested.*

Dylan's works reflect a great talent for expressing *himself.* He happens to be, without contrivance, saying it for a lot of people who can associate with *his* expressions and attitudes. To try to dissect his songs for a true meaning is a hang-up—like he says:

I don't want to take you out
Take or shake or for-sake you out
I ain't look-in for you to feel like me,
See like me, or be like me.

If you feel that his lyrics have a meaning for you—great. Don't worry about anybody else. There are no prizes for a correct interpretation. Dylan sure is saying something, but once he puts a label on it, he feels he is defeating his own purpose as a writer and performer.

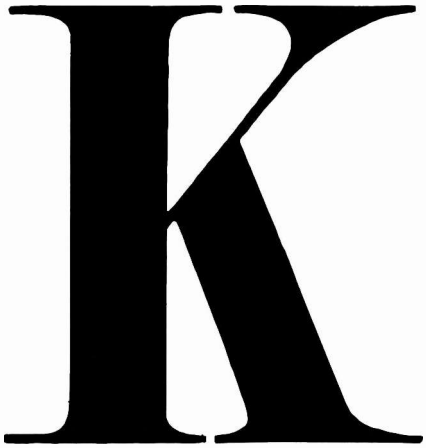
I know Bob—though not well—we have only met on three occasions, but we have watched each other over the years and understand, as well as respect, each other. I know, *I'm* a *fan* of *his!*



FOLK PURISTS—OR HOW TO BECOME A BIGOT AND NOT KNOW IT

The booing of Bob Dylan in the second half of his concerts at Newport and Forest Hills for "want of the 'true purist' Dylan" was a real paradox.

Most of the booing people in the crowd were Freedom



How man-y roads must a man walk down
Be-fore you can call him a man?
The ans-wer my friend
Is Blow-in in the win-d

Riders, or certainly in sympathy with the civil rights movement. Each one would be ready to defend to the death, civil liberties, the Negro's rightful place in society, and true democratic freedoms. Many among them also were in conflict with their parents, who wanted conservative conformity and blind obedience.

Now, here they were booing Bob Dylan, a writer and performer, trying to express *freely*, a new musical mood and attitude. He was using a "folk rock" combo to back up his pop appeal numbers. He was trying to find good in *all* musical interpretations. Was he to be allowed to do this? But no! How dare he!

Those liberty-loving, freedom-marching, freedom-singing champions were demonstrating that *he* had *no right* to break away from *their* control. When they booed, they were demanding blind obedience to the purist doctrine. Why, he was actually mixing with the sub-intellect masses with those electric guitars! So wait! Think!

Maybe, if he were a *Negro*—they wouldn't have booed. But then again, they might have insisted he sing "Old Black Joe."

Hey Purists—now *we* ask *you:*

HELP! ENGLISH INVADERS TURNED BACK!

The English invasion is over—they are not making it anymore! The Beatles still do, of course.

Herman's Hermits are in about sixty-five percent of the time, and the Rolling Stones have been coming on strong.

John Lennon introduced me to the Stones in England several years ago, and as a favor to him, I brought them here for a concert. They didn't have a record for a long time, but after we suggested "It's All Over Now," they were on their way. They've since had such hits as "Satisfaction," Nineteenth Nervous Breakdown," "As Tears Go By," and "Get Off of My Cloud."

Each group has its own personality, of course, but the Stones seem to come on without the close-knit feeling of the Beatles. Like they're separate—each with his own hang-ups and ways. They don't even swing together in their private lives, the way the Beatles do.

What am I saying? The way their popularity has been growing stronger and stronger, the way their records have been selling, maybe that's the thing that's going for the Stones—UNtogetherness.

But seriously: All the other English groups seem to have had it in this country. Their prices are too high and their promoters have lost a great deal of money. That's the game, but what is most important, the *audience* has lost interest.

The glamour of being "from across the seas" has worn off. It's the end of an era. The American groups are taking over and we are about to settle down to another "five-year-get-

ready-for-a-new-phenomenon-era."

English groups had to suffer this fate, really! To begin with, their audiences were made up of 99-44/100 percent girls under seventeen. No boys, no Negroes. Girls under seventeen are quite fickle and finicky, so the *fad* came and the *fad* went (again, excluding the Beatles). Actually for boys and for Negro audiences used to soulful and exciting performers, it was impossible to be interested in four or five English chaps singing and playing instruments. They might have enjoyed their records now and then, but that was it. No Soul! No Sale!

Tremendous doubt as to where the next super-stars will come from already plagues the music pundits. They admit that James Brown is out-of-sight, up-tight, all right, *so* groovy, and is probably the most exciting in-person performer. He is soul personified, baby. He will steadily increase his popularity in all areas.

This prediction was borne out at his Madison Square Garden concert. I was sitting in his dressing room before the concert discussing his appearance on one of my TV specials when a *Time* magazine photographer and reporter came in to record the backstage scene. James said to me, "I guess it means something when these cats recognize me."

I looked at him in amazement and answered, "James, my man, don't you know it is in and very chic now to dig James Brown?"

At the concert, I noticed a great many people from all walks of life. He really shakes them up and pleases the people.

As far as other new excitement goes, the Young Rascals, Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels, Paul Revere and the Raiders, and the Knickerbockers are groups who can perform very well and have big followings.

As for Sonny and Cher, they don't want to do personal appearances. But if they did, they would be a fantastic attraction.

Jan and Dean also prefer to do anything but personal appearances. They were really the first cool ones to do nutty and campy things—both on and off stage. A year or so ago, at one of my Brooklyn Fox shows, they came to town with two ten-foot-long surfboards. As a bit, they would take them into the subway each day, traveling to and from the theater. They played the part of clumsy, absent-minded guys, who nonchalantly walked through heavy traffic carrying these surfboards, stopping cars and asking the occupants, "Did you see a lost ocean?" or "Can you tell me what I should do with this?" or "Do you have a pool for these homeless boards?" All this goes on straight-faced.

Their performance on stage is a double put-on: one of themselves, the other of the audience. They're always goofing up but they never come on strong. For example, after goofing up one performance, they came to me before the next show,

and Jan said, "Sorry about that goof, Murray. Would you tell us what it is you didn't like?"

"Yeah," said Dean, very seriously. "So we can do it again."

I am sure that the next big super-star will be an American. He may be the guy who organizes the first modern-day, big group-type band, similar to Lawrence Welk's, but in the modern-day idiom. Herb Alpert, Joe Tex, the Beatles, the Stones, James Brown, and the Supremes will keep going strong. (I expect Diana Ross of the Supremes to break away from her group soon and become the next Lena Horne.)

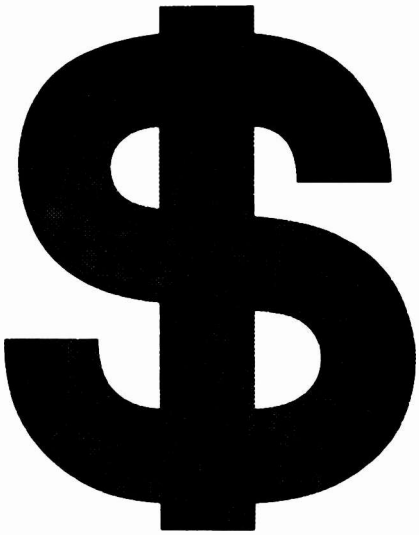
AND NOW—

The PERPETRATORS of PROFANE PROFLIGATION PERVADES of PERVERSE PROFIT
OR Just Plain PAYOLA.

It Ain't Me Babe
No No No
It Ain't me You're
Look-in' for Babe!

In 1958 and '59 across the front pages of most every newspaper in the country, were stories which covered my telegram to Orin Harris, Chairman of the Congressional Committee investigating payola, in which I objected to all disc jockeys being branded as dishonest for the misdeeds of a few.

At the time of the payola scandals I was not yet known as Murray the K. The type of music I played, my style of show, my seven hours a day on WINS, my position as president of an industry public-service organization, and my anti-Communist involvement (particularly during the Hungarian Freedom Fight) perhaps all accounted for the fact that I was never even approached once—with a payola offer. My attitude regarding the investigation, then and now, is that the number of dee-jays at the pop stations who took payola came only to a fraction of a percent and that the publicity and scandal were therefore way out of proportion.



However, radio is the newspapers' chief competitor for news and the advertising dollar—and there were some newspapers which had a field day. By hook, crook, inference, innuendo, and in some cases even yellow journalism, they tried to indict the entire profession.

Consider that only five percent of the nation's pop music dee-jays were programming records for themselves. Consider that half of one percent of the nation's dee-jays were in a position even to influence music trends. Yet, it was made to seem that every dee-jay had horns. Due to the newspaper headlines of this scandal, some people still have erroneous impressions about disc jockeys in general.

To this day, friends tell me of incidents they run into with people who believed those innuendos. They will make some remark (upon learning of a friendship with me) like, "How come you're mixed up with that character?"

When my loyal and indignant friends ask them to explain,

they say something like, "Well, isn't he that dee-jay involved in payola? Or, the prize one—**"Why, he was taking payola from the Poverty Program."** Which proves that people think only what they want to think. When you are in the public eye you learn how many people *are* mentally agitated. (And I think that's a kind term, considering.)

I find a great many adults who get very angry just hearing the name Murray the K. It could be that I represent the music they hate and the teens they hate, and they have conjured up an image of me they hate. One doctor told me that a patient of his hated me because I am accepted by all those *young girls.* (That fellow *has* a problem.)

On the other hand, I get many left-handed compliments like, "Saw you on the Les Crane show. Great, really, I didn't know you could speak like that." Or, "Say, you really amazed me on 'Open End.' I had no idea you had a mind." Or, from a teen, "My mother saw you on that discussion show and she said it's O.K. now for me to listen to you." I hear that many times.

But Thems are the vicissitudes of Show Biz! Baby.
See, I just blew the whole image again with that, Baby!

Getting back to Payola, OOPS—I mean the *subject* of Payola. It was unfortunate that we had bribery in our industry. But it was a shame that so many suffered for so few and it was a shame that even the guilty were made to seem as if they were entirely different and a breed apart from the gift-accepting newspaper writer or editor, or business buyer, or purchasing agent.

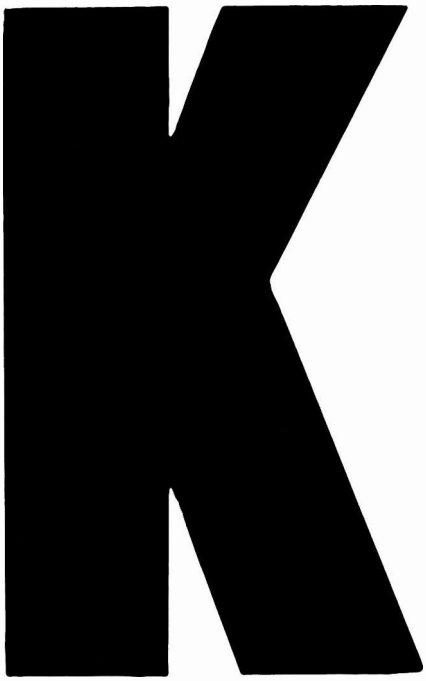
Still—A Bribe is a Bribe is a Bribe is a Bribe. The nation couldn't really face having to look at itself in a mirror that showed *all* the people in the country who take bribes.

What happens when the oil or steel or other big industries come under investigation? They close ranks and join in a common effort to correct themselves *without* public investigation, though they, too, are regulated by government controls!

The radio and TV industry got what it deserved—because each person ran for himself and even tried to incriminate the others. One radio station actually inferred at the time of the payola scandals that dee-jays on *any* station playing "rock and roll" were to be suspect.

Why? Why did radio and TV behave like this? *Fear!* They were worried about license renewal, for which a station would sell its soul! They feared other stations, other people within their own organizations, the guys at the top, the guys at the bottom, etcetera. The one thing this industry has is plenty of Fear, Fear, Fear.

Is there payola going on today? *Yes.* But *not* in pop music radio or on TV. Payola in the music business first started with publishers paying off band leaders for playing their



My world is empty
Without you-oo

songs on national radio hookups during the thirties and forties. After the band era, payola moved to the record industry when the A and R man (Artists and Repertory director) produced as well as selected songs for recording. He was, until about five years ago, the king of the music industry! *He* decided what song the big stars would record.

The A and R man today is no longer in that position. The recording stars got wise and opened their *own* publishing firms, picked their *own* songs to record, and sometimes produced their records. This was the end of big A and R payola. More product—more ideas—more sounds—more hits. And that's called progress!

The Independent producers are now the kings of the industry—imagine Phil Spector, Burt Bacharach, Barry Gordy, Jr., Bob Crewe, Smoky Robinson, Sony Bono, George Martin, Leiber and Stoller, Terry Melcher, and everybody TCB'n for themselves—TCB? Oh, Taking Care of Business! Of course, there is no payola involved here. But . . . *they* now have publishing firms and personal management offices and, holy cow, can you imagine little Phil Spector as an empire? Barry Gordy as a cartel?

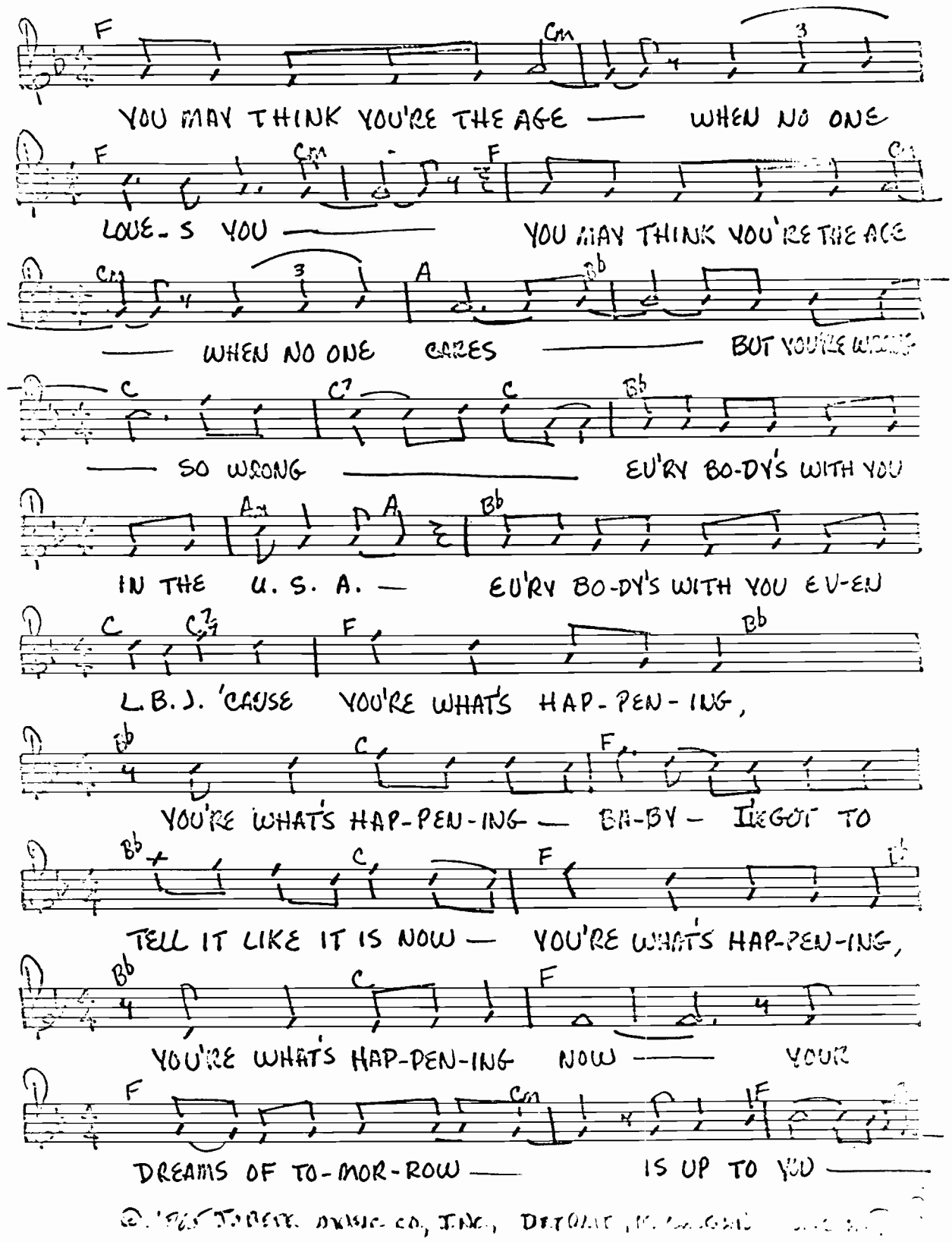
Is that the *end?* Oh, *no!* You see, *now* the music trade papers are talked about in hushed tones because radio and TV stations program music based on the popularity and sales charts published in these publications. Each paper makes its own *charts.*

Can that be? Could these be among the publishers who raised such a puritanical fuss at the least hint of wrong doing, who even referred to disc jockeys engaged in raising money for CARE packages as "payola"? Could it be possible that in their own organizations there is wrong doing? Oh tell me, Courageous Crusaders of the music industry, is it you?

It ain't me, Babe.
No, No, No, it ain't me, Babe.
It ain't me you're looking for, Babe.

BERRY GORDY, JR.

YOU'RE WHAT'S HAPPENING BABY



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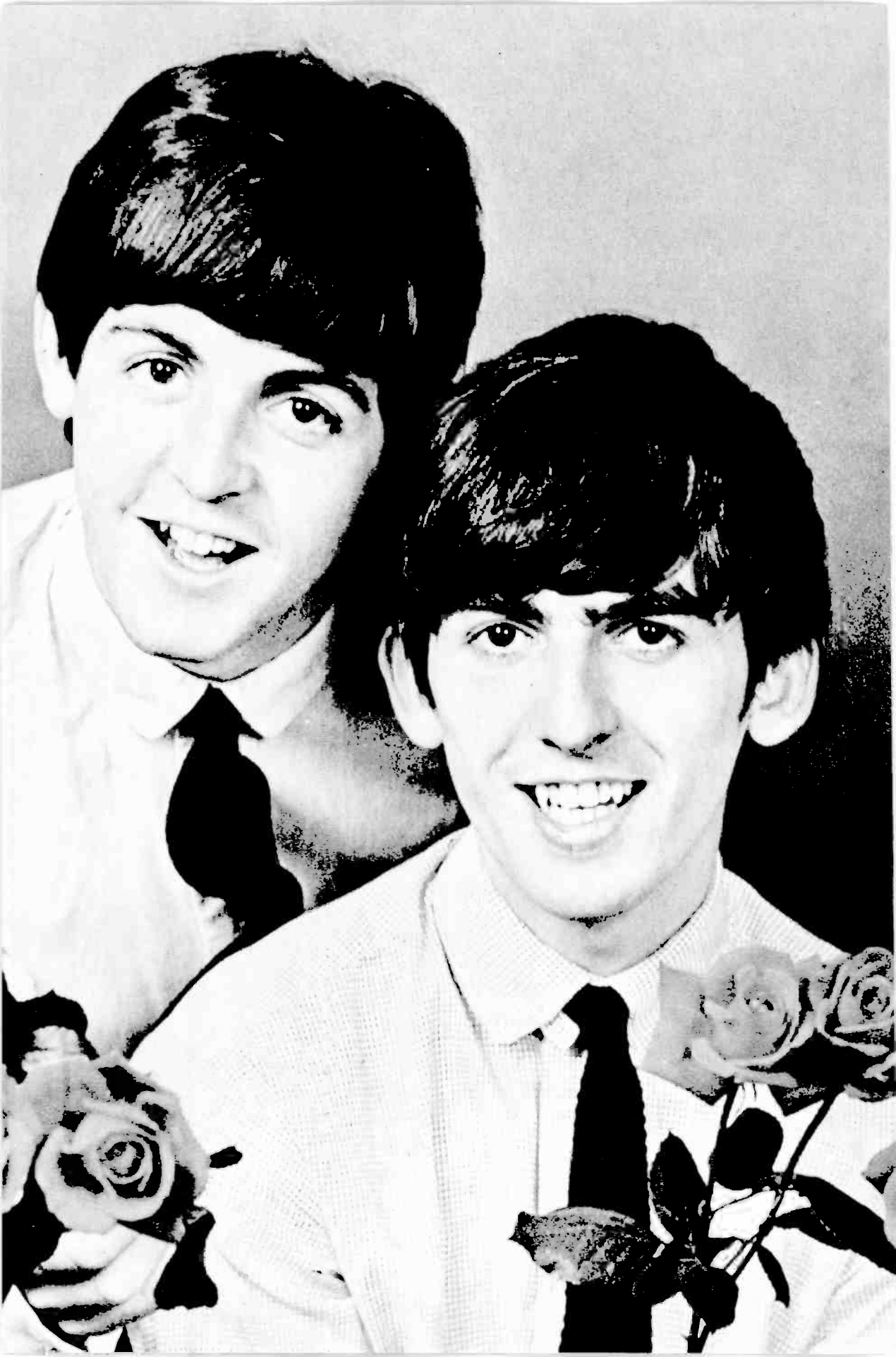
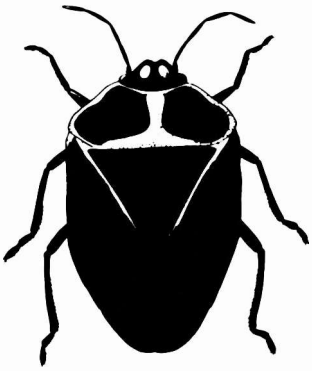


Chapter 7

The Beatles and Muffy the Cow

or The Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing but the Truth about All the Lies!



It was January, 1964. Jackie and I were in Miami Beach on vacation. It had been quite a hectic Christmas Show at the Brooklyn Fox Theatre and I was looking forward to two weeks of sun and fun, like the ads say.

The phone in our hotel bedroom rang—that was unusual because I had left instructions that I wasn't accepting calls. The operator said that it was an emergency call from my radio station in New York.

"We need you back in New York," came the cold voice of my boss.

"How come?"

"The Beatles are coming to the U.S.A."

"Did you try calling pest control?"

"Very funny—but you know who the Beatles are, don't you?"

Yeah, I knew who he meant. Back in October of 1963 I played a record "She Loves You" for the first time in the States and told my audience how big this group was in Europe. I first heard about them from Jackie, who read about them in the fashion magazines where, because of their hair styles and dress, they were big *news*. However, after two weeks of playing their record and putting it on my contest, I had created no excitement—no reaction. Now, some eighty days later, almost every record we heard on the pop radio stations in Miami was by the Beatles.

"Yes, I know who they are."

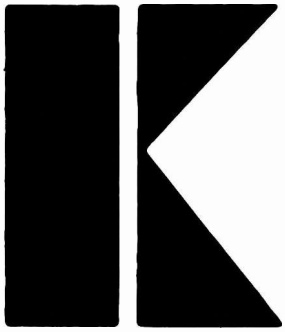
"Well, we're running contests for Beatle sweatshirts, Beatle wigs, and tickets for their Carnegie Hall concert. All the stations are going to tape their arrival at the airport, but we are going to send you there to cover it live."

"But I don't know the Beatles, and I bet they never heard of me."

"Come now, everyone who is anyone has heard of Murray the K," he lied. "Take tomorrow to rest and we'll see you back in New York Monday. Bye, star!"

Back in New York the place had gone Beatle buggy. All the girls were suffering from Beatle mania. Finally, the day came for the boys to arrive and I had no idea of whether I could even get close enough to speak to them, let alone get them on the air. The press room was jammed with people from every radio and TV station, newspaper, and wire service in town. Outside there was pandemonium. What happened next was neither planned nor contemplated—if it had been, it probably never would have happened.

Luckily, the radio people were put up front and after about fifteen minutes of picture taking and TV questions, George noticed my hat. He spoke to me first, then Ringo, John, and Paul, and pretty soon we just forgot about the press or that we were on the air.



Finally, one CBS news cameraman shouted "Coast to Coast" the *now* famous line, "Tell Murray the K to cut that crap out."

Ringo said "Hey Murray, cut that . . . (pause) what he said, OUT." Everyone laughed except the cameraman! From then on we just hit it off! I was invited to join them at their hotel, and the rest followed. The tours and friendship just seemed to happen—one thing leading into another.

The first night in New York, my radio show emanated from their hotel room. George was sick in bed but, even so, he was the most animated. It was on this show that George referred to me as the fifth Beatle.

On the Sunday night following their first Ed Sullivan Show we went to the Playboy Club for dinner where Paul, when asked by reporters what the Beatles thought of the Bunnies and the Playboy Club, remarked, "You may say the Beatles and the Playboy Bunnies are just *good friends.*"

(That's one of my favorite Beatle ad libs to the press.)

Later, in deciding where to go that night, the boys displayed the first proof of their disregard for the big names of outmoded entertainment. They nixed a choice of shows starring five of our biggest music names at the posh New York clubs and chose instead to hear some "sounds" at the Peppermint Lounge. They had a ball and enjoyed the Younger Brothers in an act which did a great parody of the Beatles.

The following day we were due to fly to Washington for their first concert, but I had heard the bad weather forecast and warned Brian Epstein to be prepared. He arranged for two special cars on the train and when we arrived at Union Station, I had my first taste of a Beatle reception.

The *noise* in the enclosed part of the station sounded as if it was coming from another world. George and I were walking together when the police lines started to give and the crush almost knocked the breath out of us. Snow and all—it was the warmest reception I had ever seen given to anyone in show business. That night I broadcast live from their dressing room at the arena in Washington as they changed for the concert. My broadcast was really letting the audience eavesdrop. No real interviewing—just fun.

Then I introduced them to a couple of talented fellows who had not yet had a hit record. Their names—Bill Medley and Bobby Hatfield, the Righteous Brothers. Jay and the Americans, and Tommy Roe, whom they had met in England, also performed that great night.

When it was time for the Beatles to go on, I followed them into the arena and broadcast the most exciting concert I ever witnessed. We decided to go back to New York for the Carnegie Hall concert by train because we had had so much fun playing wild psychological games and just talking and relaxing. (Except when we were clowning it up for the Maysles documentary film crew and for the still photogra-

phers who were coming out of the woodwork. They gave us a lot of laughs and free film.)

The next day we were off to Miami, where I was George's roommate at the Deauville Hotel. Ringo roomed next door with Paul—we kept the adjoining door open, so it was like a two-room suite. (John was with his wife Cyn down the hall.) This was where the boys had a chance to relax.

One day I borrowed Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Castro's ninety-two-foot yacht, *The Southern Trail,* and we all had a great day out in the water away from everyone. However, it was almost spoiled when we found two stowaways on board, a reporter and a photographer. I ordered the captain back to the dock, and we made them walk the yardarm—whatever the heck that is.

The one-hour documentary of this tour was shown later all over the world. I think it was the reason I was welcomed so warmly in England when I followed the boys there two months later.

How did I like England?

England swings
Like a pendulum do

After this came the Forest Hills concert on their second tour, then my trip to see them in Nassau, then Shea Stadium, and so forth.

The first trip with the Beatles was the best. For example, we could get out of the hotel more often. In Miami, we sneaked out of the hotel one night in a refrigerated meat truck on our way to see the Coasters. That's called our *cool* escape. It was the only way; there were 4,000 teens outside the Deauville Hotel in Miami Beach. That's called *hot!*

Even that kind of wild escape got tougher for the boys as time passed. Since their first trip to the United States, whenever the Beatles come to New York, they have had to confine themselves to their hotel room and the concert location they're appearing at. They spend so much time closed up in their hotel suite that they're forced to manufacture their own entertainment. One night it might be a party for a large crowd of acquaintances; another night just a few friends might be asked to visit.

The day after a Shea Stadium concert, the boys invited Jackie and me to visit with them at their Hotel Warwick suite. I arranged to show a ninety-minute TV Special of mine which they had missed and John, Paul, George, and Ringo enjoyed Bill Cosby, Anthony and the Imperials, Smokey Robinson, and the Supremes, the Miracles, and the Herman Munster bit.

However, the best fun came when the boys started to improvise their own bits. First, Ringo turned on the TV set. Then, John put on the radio, *loud*—and Paul jumped up and turned the television sound off—the picture stayed. I guess the combination wasn't right yet, because George dug up some sound-effects records and added them to the mixture.

So we sat there—the Beatles, Jackie, Patti Michaels (one of the K gals), Mr. and Mrs. Brandon De Wilde—and we watched the TV pictures move to the sound of the radio and the records.

Still it wasn't coming on quite strong *enough*. John completed the cacophony by bringing out a small tape-recorder which featured a woman's off-key voice, some mumbo-jumbo talking sounds, and other assorted noises. The whole mess made some weird and funny effects with the TV pictures.

Such as? Such as the Vice President delivering a speech which was "synched" to the out-of-tune woman's voice and to the sounds of a crowd chanting, "*Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil!*"

It wasn't planned. It just happened. That's why it was funny and pleased the boys so much.

While all this was going on, George received a phone call from London from Patti Boyd—now Patti Harrison. He started to move toward the bedroom to take the call when Ringo switched the TV picture and—on the screen flashed a chimpanzee talking on a telephone.

This "goof-off" was happening. It started to be a trip.

Earlier that same evening I had mentioned to the boys that the Supremes were appearing in town. They asked me to invite the girls over and I did. The girls arrived a little after eleven o'clock and I introduced them to the Beatles. That over with, without another word, the boys went back to watching the TV set.

By that time, John had hidden the tape-recorder in the breakfront and Mary went a little crazy trying to find it. The girls were really amazed. The eyes of the lead singer, Diana, grew to twice their usual size while she watched this unbelievable scene. (Now, when Diana's eyes get twice as big, man, that's a lot of eyes.) Flo just kept shaking her head in disbelief.

I guess to people who don't know the Beatles personally, this scene seems a bit "way-out." The boys, however, were warm and cordial and the Supremes thought they were "out of sight." The Beatles dig uncontrived people who stay loose, cool, and don't come on too strong. They love to hear new, talented people and appreciate seeing them perform.

Eventually, the Beatles and I picked up on each other's expressions. I started saying gear, fab, soft, roobish, etcetera, and they in turn used, It's what's happening, baby; Ah da bay, boss, gasser, and the Meusurray language.

It was fun being the first to be referred to as the fifth Beatle and relating to them as I did. Brian Epstein had agreed that my presenting the Beatles as interesting personalities was as important as playing their records, but all this was to later cost me much anguish!

To begin with, competitive stations really started pressuring Brian and the boys that it was unfair that Murray the K was having this exclusive relationship. Untrue stories were circulated to try to get the boys to think differently about me.

I was very grateful to learn that Ringo really told off a *Newsweek* reporter and a dee-jay from Richmond, Virginia, when they attempted to put me down. As time passed, pressures on the boys began to build one hundredfold. Everybody but *everybody* wanted something from them—a business proposition, an autograph, "just one more picture." The boys would pose and then the next day the pictures were being sold outside their hotel for two dollars a print.

After my two-week trip to England, I remember saying to a friend that I had a feeling I wasn't going to enjoy the responsibility of my relationship with them much longer.

I was right. I began to assume that my audience and my station expected me to top myself with interviews, special news, and exclusive coverage every time the Beatles did anything—here *or* overseas. I really hated the idea of having that tape machine with me, yet the station kept giving me pep talks telling me how grateful my audience was to meet the boys in this informal manner.

The turmoil inside me had me "up tight." I felt that if I continued I would be like everyone else—*using* the boys for something. If I *didn't* do it, I felt I'd be failing my other obligations.

During these times I actually hoped they wouldn't come back or that something would force me out of radio so I wouldn't have to face this dilemma. At times, I became self-conscious and tense around them. However, I noticed this only when I had a microphone in my hand. Then John explained it to me in Nassau, where I confessed how "up-tight" I was.

"Well, the reason is quite simple, really. We're friends. The other fellows who interview us—we know just as disc jockeys or reporters. It's easy to be interviewed by them. If they ask us a *stupid* question, we give them a stupid answer. It's hard for you, as our friend, to ask questions to which you already *know* the answers. And besides, friends don't usually do what we both think is silly, boring stuff—I mean interviewing each other. It's not natural, it's kind of phoney. Except when we're just *clowning* with you. We hardly have time for that now and when we do find time we don't want to share it with the public. So, it's just as difficult for us as you, I guess. Don't worry about it. We understand how you feel!"

I was very grateful for that.

There were other kinds of pressures, too.

I received thirty calls a day from people offering me deals that involved the Beatles. I never considered any, nor have I ever accepted or made money in deals because of my association with the Beatles. Some of these calls were really cheeky. One network called me up and offered me a big show. I said "great." Then they added, "Of course we expect you to deliver the Beatles."

I had financial security *before* meeting the Beatles. I al-

PERSONALITIES

'The K' on Beatles

REN GREVATT

"YOU'RE HAPPENING, BABY," is perhaps the best-known slogan on the current New York radio scene. The words belong to Murray ('The K') Kaufman, who is likely to use them to describe almost anything he likes, particularly if its name is Beatles. By the same token, it may be used in only slightly lesser measure with other British groups, like the Dave Clark Five, or the Searchers who were due here late last week.

Kaufman's embracing of The Beatles during their recent visit has brought the jockey a prominence not comparable to any he's enjoyed in the past, and certainly the envy (and irritation) of his competitors. He is, without doubt, at the peak of his career (and ratings) and has managed in recent years to keep WINS (Group W Westinghouse) a night time power in the New York market.

Kaufman has always been happy if he could be on some kind of stage. Originally from Richmond, Va., he emigrated to UCLA for pre-war college where he did sports radio announcing. In short order, he [illegible] World War II Army time [illegible] in the mid-forties [illegible] into the [illegible]

Murray the K

Finally I got a job at WMCA doing 45 minutes, then an hour right before Barry Gr[illegible]

ways avoided asking them for anything. Giving my fan club members a record of some of my interviews with them was the extent of *my* merchandising. I felt that the damn tape machine by my side was enough. After I left WINS and radio, these pressures reduced and my next meetings with the Beatles were great. I was loose as a goose.

There is no doubt that my close relationship with them when I was on radio gave me a legion of new listeners, fans, and international publicity. I am most grateful.

Right here, I would like to stop referring to the Beatles and *me* as I have no desire to turn this book or chapter into a corny "My Life with the Beatles." My main purpose, really, is to outline the fantastic advances and breakthroughs that they brought about.

Already, people are forgetting the impact the Beatles have had upon the world, both physically and psychologically. While many changes came about indirectly, a chain reaction was set off by the Beatles that influenced all levels of life.

Hair styles throughout the world changed for both men and women. Clothing fashions took on a drastic new look, a look which may have been invented before the Beatles but certainly was not accepted *until* the Beatles. Young people's attitudes were compatible with those of the Beatles and the Beatles' values became "in." In this way, young people and *their values* became important and were publicized in print, on records, and on TV. ("Publicized" but not understood. All the business world became aware of was young "market" $$.) The people who know "where it's at" were greatly stimulated by the Beatles' own attitude toward themselves as well as their complete disregard for false values.

Such as?

Such as being totally unimpressed with big names, position, and false protocol. Their public utterances against the Establishment proved they had no fear of it.

Such as their frank manner in conducting interviews—which inspired young people to have the courage to demand truths and reject superficial people and things. For example, the time a big-shot reporter asked them, "What do you expect out of all this?" "Money" was the reply. "What makes you think you are important?" Answer: "A grown-up, gray-haired chap like you getting up at six A.M. to ask us why we think we're important!"

Such as the new perspective toward music presentation their motion pictures gave the world.

Without the Beatles, there would have been no Rolling Stones, Herman's Hermits, Dave Clark Five, or any of the English or American self-contained units.

They gave shows like Shindig and Hullabaloo the chance to be exposed on TV. (The shows blew it, but the Beatles made the chance possible. Trouble was, they did not know how to be as honest as the Beatles.)

Bob Dylan's emergence on the pop scene was hastened because of the Beatles.

European fads like the discotheque sprang up all over the world and England found new fame through the Beatles.

They were noticed by parents, and accomplished the great feat of having adults condescend to ask . . . Why? What makes them so popular? Eventually, they were accepted by adults, usually after the question, "How much money did you say they make?"

They are the first *young* entertainers to be so accepted and decorated by their Queen and country. The music is good enough for Queen Elizabeth but, of course, here in the U.S.A., Senators Everett Dirksen (R. Ill.) and Gordon Allott (R. Colo.) seem not to like it. Allott has been quoted as saying it makes him regurgitate and Dirksen is said to feel that Senators in his Party are shocked by it—which shows you how forward-looking are some of *our* representatives in government.

The Beatles are without a doubt the greatest phenomena in the history of the entertainment business. The initial successes of Sinatra and Presley were nothing by comparison! Traveling with them and being in on a part of the excitement makes you only further disbelieve it—I mean it's just too fantastic. I know some people who had not half this acceptance and fame, but took it and themselves too seriously, eventually blowing their minds.

That's why the Beatles have the whole scene made. They view all this pandemonium as observers rather than as the center of attraction. That's what prompts John to say of concerts, like the one at Shea Stadium (60,000 capacity), "I wish some of them (the girls) could have broken through. It would have been fun." (This points up their perspective—as spectators who enjoy their audience as if the crowds were performers themselves.)

How long will it go on? John again, "I don't know, Murray. Right now we're having the time of our lives. It's fun. I guess when it stops being fun, so will we."

In Nassau, while Paul was playing some of their new record releases for me, he turned and said, "I bet that about ten years from now, when someone mentions the Beatles, some young kid will say, 'Go on now. Here's your Beatles (pointing both his thumbs down). Don't go palming off those old groups from the olden times.' So, you see, we're just temporary, Murray, babe. Just temporary."

George: (Smiling.) "Yeah, that's right."

John: "Oh, well!"

Ringo: "Who's got a cigarette?"

You can see, they're very worried about it!

The most important thing about the Beatles, their real contribution to pop music, is that they've never stood still. They

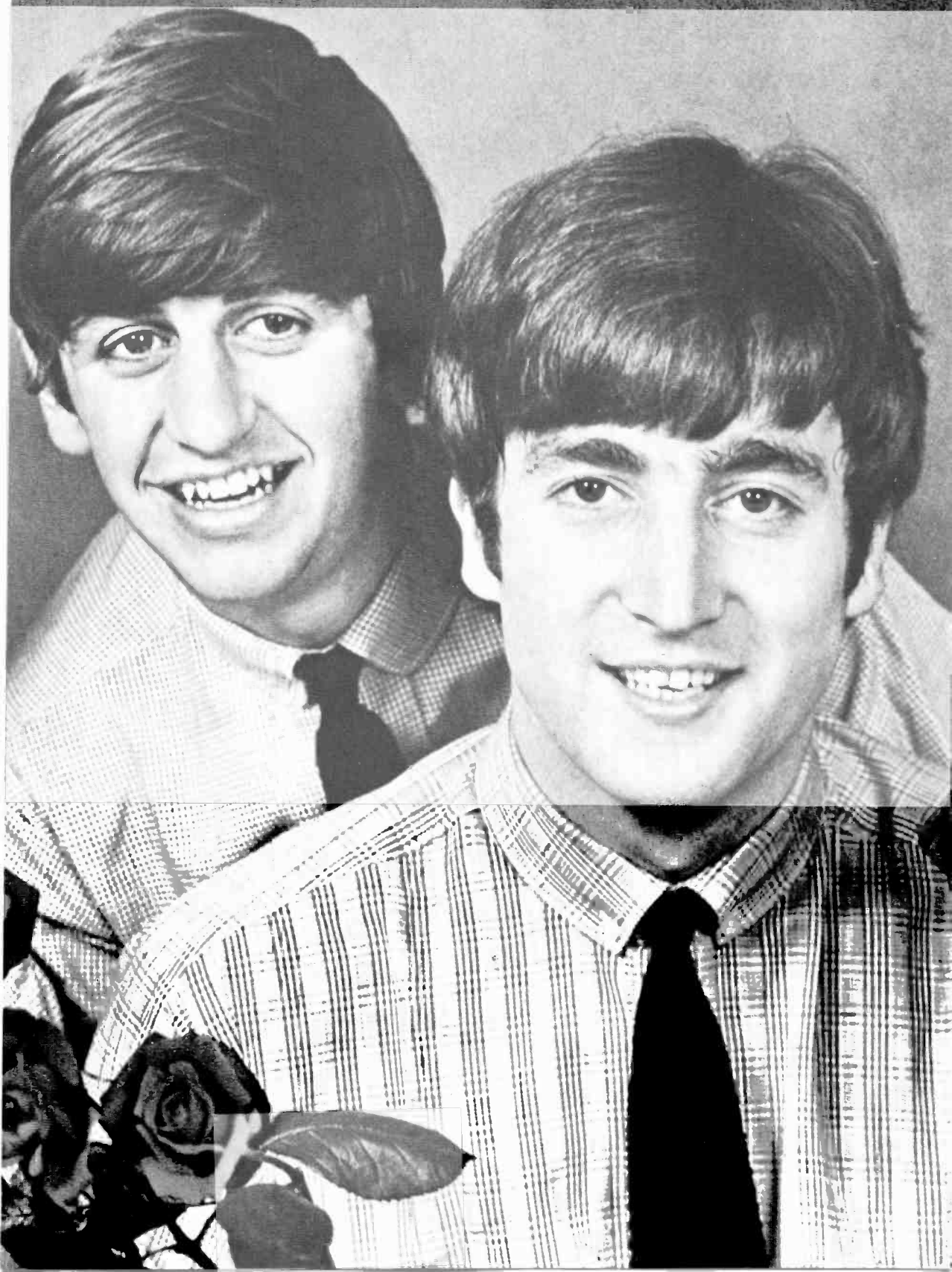
haven't got just one *style* they've stuck to, but they have their own *sound*. They've got things they want to say, and they're always trying new ways of saying it. They are always looking to improve themselves as performers—never just riding on their past success.

That's the way I feel about my own work too. Maybe that's the attitude we share that's kept us friends.

Oh, yes, about the title to this chapter—"The Beatles and Muffy the Cow?"

Muffy the Cow is the way John would refer to Murray the K in his own book, *In His Own Write*. I remember him calling me that on either a radio or TV show in England.

By the way—the title in this chapter, "The Beatles and Muffy the Cow"—the Beatles is a name Murray the K would refer to when . . .



Congress to Murray the
—It's Time to Split, Bat

By Dom Benedetto

A Look at TV

Job Corps Plug Draws Well

"CAN you help me?" The girl from Poughkeep N. Y., wrote that she had graduated from high sc which is apparently mea less," because she could find a job.

"I would like help from source, namely 'New Ch to better myself. I am to go extreme This of 5000 from people ons, cities, and acro countr wrote Chanc spons show

WM. HADDAD

The Dirksen added that many of to have gotten through to
"leagues were "almost in- them," Haddad said.
criticism
He added that the letters
be answered by OEO
ideas culled

dicare

Teens Hail Poverty Sho
But Adults Call It 'Putric

BY ROBERT CRAYER

WASHINGTON, July 8
Letters from 600 viewers af
the June 28 90-minute TV show
"It's What's Happening, Baby"
reveal that anti-poverty chief
Sargent Shriver (surrept plem
of raw nerves.
The writers, from the ado
to the young, are virtually fo
the show or hysterically cri
ral. Generally, the teen-agers
loved it, and adults thought it
was terrible.
A Baltimore mother wrote
"If this is what's happening
I can only say my God!"
A 16-year-old girl in Gaines
ville, Fla., declared, "It was
the best program I ever sa
on TV."

assistant director of the
office of inspection, is having
letters listed under 19 titles
from "miscellaneous" to
requests for youth under 22.

John Dermanoff

Harkins's aide, William
said fewer than 10 percent
of all letters were critical.
Many are pathetic
demanded jobs or money.
A 19-year-old in Leroy, N. Y.,
said Murray the K (who was
mean for the TV show) prom
and help, and he wanted some
now.
An Eas
18, wr

after for child to born. She
and the father refused aid

Ignorant Area

Jann, 16, of Rock Hill, S. C.
asked help to get out of
"I live in a very ignora
area of town," she complained
"The inhabitants are ultimate
idiotic and self-crazy. I don't
want to grow up and be lik
them."
OEO's standard says every
letter will be answered and the
writers will be

political Policy Comm
investigating the "ide
TV show

Dodd Criticizes
Food for Nasse

WASHINGTON, July
Sen. Thomas J. Dodd
Conn.) said today it wa
tragic mistake" for Pres
Johnson to send $37 mi
in surplus food to Egypt
month without imposing
conditions.
In a speech prepared
Senate delivery, Dodd said
would vastly improve our p
ture before the entire wor
including the Arab world,
made further American
to Nasser contingent on h
peaceful behavior.
"I think it would contribu
to the peace and stability

's Right? Figures Favor Murray The K

New York World-Telegram
and
The Sun

Legal Forecast: Clear and cooler through tomorrow. Details on Page 2.

VOL. 129—NO. 300 NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1965 TEN CENTS

Amusements

ALL
Spor
FINA
COMPLETE CLOSING

Senators, Disk Jockey Feud Over TV Sho

By LARRY FLY GEIMER

As the Senate GOP
committee
leaders
hope to attempt to
stifle
for the
upcoming
parade of work
TV will
receive
Highlight
reported
Republic
on
"Study
Double
Shift" (
"Ti
stories
in the
public
"It
look
down
the

Senator Tom Kuchel
on
their
reaction to the
two-period
program. Page 11.

Kuchel
Albert
H.
Cohen
said
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"

Series
the
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fully
confidence
get
their
friendship
on
air
engage
them
in
their
morning
and
evening
editorials
that
are
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opinion

two
networks
showed
that
the
show
had
wide
popular
appeal
to
viewer-
audience

15

rray the K Cites the Record

IAM DEERFIELD
ckey Murray says his
oll TV spectacular was
lf not with the Repub-
rty, which was not the

K" told the New York
sterday at a TV taping
ant Shriver's

We asked for ideas on the poverty program. And these are not educated kids."

Kaufman said further that the OEO field workers and Shriver himself were enthusiastic about the effect of the show. Shriver in this week's Broadcasting Magazine said of "The OEO was

six weeks."

His most immediate project is a special, "Murray the K Continues," starring the Beatles, which will be presented on Ch. 9 and other RKO General stations around the country on Aug. 13.

LEGAL NOTICE

TO CONTRACTORS

NEW YORK POST,

gai

Volume
Extreme
Heavy

Chapter 8

Confess Confession Confessions Confessed!!

or Telling It Like It Is!
Telling It Like It Was!
Telling It All Like It Is!
Telling It All Like It Was!!

One morning on a plane to Washington, D.C., I was introduced to Arthur J. Goldberg, then Secretary of Labor, later to become a Supreme Court Justice and now our U.N. Ambassador. When I returned to my own plane seat I was told what the Vice President of the U.S.A. had said about a plan of mine and further, that the VP had said that we could call on him to participate. About ninety minutes later, in a crowded conference room at the Office of Economic Opportunity in Washington, Sargent Shriver turned to me and asked, "O.K., Murray, how do we do it?"

Now, you must admit, that's a pretty good name-dropping paragraph. What prompted the Director of the Peace Corps *and* Director of the Office of Economic Opportunity to ask a disc jockey from New York named Murray the K, "How do we do it?"

Let's back up a few weeks to a talk in my offices in New York with William C. Haddad, a former member of President Kennedy's Staff, and then the Inspector General of Sargent Shriver's Office of Economic Opportunity, the agency that runs the President's War on Poverty Program.

Bill Haddad met with me to ask my help in promoting the Youth Program of the President's War on Poverty. I told him he couldn't make significant contact with the sixteen to twenty-one-year-olds who were out of work and out of school just by making some radio and TV promotional spots with popular personalities. Not the kind of contact *he* wanted. (As he put it then, "We are greatly concerned about the coming "long hot summer.")

He questioned me at length about the school campaign I had conducted in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn to stop school drop-outs. I told him how I contacted gang leaders and then asked them for their help in rounding up an audience for a school drop-out show. I would promise and then deliver lots of entertainment, talk that they could take—*even* some ideas they might like. It had proved to be very successful.

Haddad asked if I would make some recommendations for the Poverty Program. I recommended a plan that called for a fifty-city local level campaign, with two disc jockeys in each city acting as co-chairman under the direction of the local Poverty Program Director. They would organize dances and shows with the big-name talent sent from national headquarters. The actors would donate their services, as would the disc jockeys. At these local social "think-ins" we would discuss the various government programs and seek the young people's ideas and participation. One of the objectives was to get them stimulated enough about the programs so that they would sell their friends on participating with them.

Come on—Let me show you where it's at
Come on on—Let me show you where it's at

"Now Bill," I concluded, "if you still insist that it is absolutely urgent a campaign be under way before summer,

List-en Peop-le
List-en to me

Shake it up Bab-y
Twist and Shout!

SHABTAI TAL

SHRIVER

I suggest that you need a network TV Special as a vehicle to *launch* this campaign."

Some ten days later Bill Haddad and that li'l ole planmaker, me, were sitting in the offices of Jack Schneider, the then new president of the CBS television network.

I made the initial pitch to the network staff. Bill Haddad answered all the questions regarding national policy and possible political overtones.

As the meeting came to an end, Mr. Schneider said, "O.K. you've got ninety minutes of CBS network time and production costs as our contribution to the War on Poverty." I was so surprised all I could say was, "You sure know how to shake up a guy, don't you?"

The performers all agreed to donate their services—my friends really came through for me. Bobby Darin wrote a theme song for the show, Barry Gordy, Jr., wrote a song for the campaign, and The Four Tops recorded it. Don Kirschner of Screen Gems commissioned young and talented Toni Wine to write spot jingles for the radio and TV spots. Everyone, to coin a phrase, was "just beautiful," and "not to be believed." (Well, *nearly* everyone.)

CBS had final approval on program content. The Office of Economic Opportunity, to whom all these facilities and talent were contributed, had complete autonomy as to the content and the manner the agency's messages were to be delivered.

So . . . off we went to Washington to meet Sargent Shriver.

"O.K., Murray, how do we do it?"

I explained the plan to Sargent Shriver. He listened intently and then commented, "You know that I couldn't care less about this program appealing to anyone other than those young people in a poverty situation."

"Yes, sir!" said I.

"I don't want it watered down to accommodate anyone else."

"Right!" I correctly replied.

"Now, Murray, suppose you were given a few million dollars. What would be the first problem *you* would tackle?"

"Paying the taxes."

This reply was good for a laugh, but that's all.

"You see," he continued, "We have plenty of money—what we need are more ideas for new programs to be initiated!" (I noted that remark carefully and stored it for future reference.)

As the meeting came to its conclusion, Bill Haddad said, "Sarge, there is just one other thing for your approval—the title of the show. We want to call it—It's What's Happening (and then almost apologetically), Baby!"

Sarge, the Shriver grinned—"Fine."

"You see, Bill, how you worry unnecessarily." I said, "You have a swinging boss!"

The slogan for the Job Corps and other poverty programs is "Be Somebody," which has the same connotations as "Be What's Happening." The reason I suggested that title was to communicate to our audience that to *be* somebody *is* what's happening. The TV show was not for drop-outs. That was just one of the subjects to be covered, and since the show was to be seen at the end of the school year, the main objective was to get the kids off the streets into constructive programs. "It's What's Happening" referred to the five major youth programs.

The producer selected for the show was Barry Shear, whose thirteen Emmy Award nominations and other credits were very impressive. He flew in from the Coast and worked around the clock. Barry, who gets 20,000 dollars a show, donated his services. He's a real pro and we got along great, though we had a few differences as to approach, particularly when it came to the government messages. Barry felt I should maintain what was called the "hip" image from the very beginning. I felt that I should open cold with a soft sell explanation of the show, putting it into a definite frame of reference for *everyone* who might be watching. I didn't win the argument, that's my main regret about that performance.

The ninety-minute show went on the air on Monday, June 28, at 9.30 P.M. It was a popular success with the audience we wanted to reach, and also with the pop music fans. It was the highest rated show of the season over 21 million viewers. Our request for suggestions for constructive ideas pulled 14,000 letters.

Some newspapers loved it. Others panned it quite vociferously and two Senators got into the act. For a time it was like a nightmare!

It's an amazing coincidence that those newspapers which panned the show so crudely were the same papers that opposed the passage by Congress of the Poverty Bill. Their obvious objective was to make a political football out of the show.

They wrote such phrases as: "The so-called performers who slithered across the screen looked like monkeys" and "Their *obscene* music and dance certainly should not have been paid for by *our* tax dollars!"

The people who said and wrote such things could not have been that uninformed about this show. I believe they *knew* it wasn't costing the government a dime, but that they chose to ignore it.

Here is a list of those "monkeys and nauseating Americans" who committed the crime of donating their services for the War on Poverty: The Supremes, Herman's Hermits,

Come on let me show you
Where it's at
The name of the place is
I like it like that.

Shake Me—Wake me
When it's o-ver

Rock 'n' Roll Show A Senate Tempest

By BOB WILLIAMS

Sargent Shriver's rock 'n' roll TV show for school dropouts—"It's What's Happening, Baby"—became a hot political issue today as Senate Republicans called it "depraved, shameful and immoral."

Sen. Allott (R-Col.) said he phoned CBS president Frank Stanton after the 90-minute special Monday to say: "I am about to throw up."

CBS, which spent more than $400,000 producing the show for Shriver's Office of Economic Opportunity, said the ratings revealed that somebody out there liked it.

The National Arbitron Service ratings gave it a 17.2 mark against 9.0 for NBC and 10.0 for ABC in the same time period, CBS said.

A CBS spokesman said the program and liked it. I saw nothing immoral, degrading or shameful about it, and neither did my son, who is preparing for the ministry."

Brown said CBS and Kaufman had specially designed the show to reach members of the 16-21 age group who have dropped out of school

Senate Minority Leader Dirksen said he was authorized at a GOP policy luncheon yesterday to find out "who inspired it, who put it together." His fellow Republicans, said Dirksen, were "almost incandescent

MURRAY KEMPTON

Murray The K and Dirksen

GEN EISENHOWER, who represents innocence, has suggested that the national political convention is hardly in a state fit to be brought into the American living room. Republican chairman Ray Bliss, who represents accommodation, was happy to find that his national committee, which is united on nothing else, agreed with the general and would vote to make things tidier in 1968.

It is not a spacious hope. The conventions are, if [illegible] are decent than they used to be [illegible] was mo[illegible]

The answer my friend
Is blowin' in the wind.

Bill Cosby, Johnny Mathis, The Righteous Brothers, Fred Gwynne (Herman Munster), The Dave Clark 5, Ray Charles, Anthony and the Imperials, Smoky Robinson and the Miracles, Gary Lewis and the Playboys, Chuck Jackson, Tom Jones, Marvin Gaye, Mary Wells, Jan and Dean, the Four Tops, the Temptations, Patti and the Blue Belles, Johnny Rivers, Dionne Warwick, Martha and the Vandellas, Cannibal and the Headhunters, the Shindig Dancers, our producer-director with thirteen Emmy Award nominations, Barry Shear, and Murray the K.*

This show would have normally had a talent cost of 150,000 dollars. Television will not see such an impressive pop music lineup on a show again for a long, long time—if ever! So, I ask *you*—Doesn't it seem that politics was the reason for the attack on these performers?

It wasn't the mixed notices of my presentation that bugged me, or even the politicians or prejudiced press. The really bad part of "It's What's Happening, Baby" was that I was *had*—and worse—so were the kids. I first began to sense this when Washington kept changing the messages I was taping for the show for the Job Corps, the neighborhood youth centers, the Community Action Plan, school drop-outs, ideas for new Poverty Programs, and offerings of summer jobs.

I called Bill Haddad on one of these occasions and asked, "Bill, tell me the truth, didn't I present it properly?"

He answered, "It isn't that, Murray. It was great, except that we can't hard sell this particular program. We want you to hammer home that we want the audience to participate, ask them, 'What ideas do you have for starting new programs?'"

Another call came the following week and I had to change the offer of a half a million jobs through the Youth Employment Office. Why? Oh, only because there were no jobs left!

I made a new tape which asked *employers* to provide more jobs.

Still another change requested, "Don't *sell* the Job Corps—talk about it, but don't *sell* it."

And then we had to cut out the Community Action Plan and replace it with something else because this plan was not *quite* ready yet.

That did it—I felt it was time for me to get an explanation of what was going on. So I again called Washington and said, "Listen, we keep asking these sixteen- to twenty-one-year-old kids to provide us with program ideas. That is fine for one "pitch," but to utilize it throughout the show seems silly. Let's face facts: If all the intellects and experts are having trouble creating workable programs, how can we expect the uneducated kid to come up with a workable program for this campaign? If they *knew* how to solve these problems

** Oh yes, there was one act I discovered in June, 1965, that I made Barry tape. Then without my O.K., they were cut out of the show. The feeling was that they were too weird. The name of the act was Sonny and Cher. The Establishment had struck again!*

they wouldn't need our help or be in their present situation in the *first* place."

I explained to Washington that I had just viewed all of the final versions of our "commercials" and felt that all of the "meat" had been taken out of them. I said "An outsider watching the program would have to wonder exactly what I am trying to communicate."

Bill Nichols, a very conscientious OEO Consultant, came on the phone to explain: There were already 450,000 applications for the Job Corps and only 45,000 openings. The Neighborhood Youth Centers had limited capacities. These were some of the reasons they didn't want me selling it hard.

The school dropout program pitch by Bill Cosby was fine as it did not involve any specific program.

I said, "In other words, Bill, we have nothing specific to sell." I really felt deflated. Where was the *urgent,* important purpose for this TV show now? I was the one who had sold the performers and the network on the need for these programs to get under way *now.* I had the responsibility since it was I who enlisted their aid. Here it was days before air time and I felt like pulling out. I remember leaving the CBS video tape editing rooms in Hollywood and walking past the Farmers Market on Fairfax.

It was midnight. At 3:00 A.M.. after much walking and much soul-searching, I calmed down enough to reach a conclusion. I truly believed that for all practical purposes the show in its present form *would* make contact with the audience desired, although it promised nothing very immediate or specific. In addition, it was an instrument to help launch and publicize the important local level programs.

"It's What's Happening, Baby" could, I thought, convey to our young audience that their government cares about their plight and wants to help! I don't regret making that decision because it proved to be correct. We *did* make contact, we *did* win the confidence of the young people we spoke to. We *did* get the praise of the social worker in the field. We *did* get specific results from the letters received.

There was only one thing wrong—and that's why I said I felt that the kids *and* I had been had.

The OEO *never* carried through with the *local level* campaigns, or with *any* of the other purposes for having this TV Show. The CBS TV network and its president Jack Schneider had made a major contribution to a pressing problem. They recognized the possibilities of the TV show and approved of the aims of the War on Poverty. I feel they, too, were let down. The OEO "chickened out" because of political pressure and criticism, unwarranted as it was.*

SOME IMPORTANT QUESTIONS: Has the well-intended Poverty Program become mired in the mud of local and state politics? Are local funds being used for office and administrative salaries with very little program progress? What is being

** Russ Stoneham, CBS vice president of Special Projects, and Fred Faviano from the CBS operations office performed services above and beyond the call of duty.*

done with all the money they had, while there were no definitive programs in *full* operation?

And how in heck can you allocate money to an agency that *doesn't* have *definite programs* and some answers to the poverty problems? This sure doesn't help the poverty areas or the troubled people.

With respect and good wishes I make my final recommendation for the OEO's Poverty Program: *Next time* have *something* to shout about before starting to shout!

Until then:

A lit-tle bit sof-ter now
A lit-tle bit soft-er now
Woe—Woe—Woe—Woe

It's about 5:00 A.M.—

That bit I just wrote about the poverty program really has me up tight. I didn't want to write it, but everyone close to me has said, "You can't write a *book* called *Murray the K Tells It Like It Is, Baby* and not write about that TV Show." So I did it and . . .

When I need to unwind, I play "people." You think of a person, then say the very first thoughts that come to your mind about them. So here we go:

Rolling Stones	Are and ain't.
Les Crane	A man who lives by the code "do unto others, then split."
Jordan Christopher (Mr. Cool)	He's Mr. Cool and he maintains it—a groovy guy. His code: "Do unto others, then if *they* want to split, crazy."
Sybil Christopher (Mrs. Cool)	Great person and a good friend of Arthur.
Soupy Sales	Increased when they put it in cans. Great talent, the best in his field.
Batman	Yeah! But he can't *field* worth a damn.
James Bond	No-*body's* Fool. Did you see the Body on that last chick he had in Thunderball?
Beatles	Some of my best friends are!
Dee-jays	My son's father is one.
Sargent Shriver	A very efficient, elegant man. I haven't seen or spoken to him much since the TV show.
Dave Clark	A very good-looking businessman who knows how to use people.

Now it's about 5:40 A.M. and I think I'll do another exercise to tire my mind. Think of a word and try to put it in a sentence such as:

Au gratin	Eggs are either fresh au gratin
Audible	When watching the fight who do you root for, the matador au dible?
Evidence	What do you mean no trees that forest is forevi dence.
Capacity	These cookies look great, now maybe you ca pac i ty.
Classy	He represents Class A. She represents Class B and I represent clas sy.
Errant	She hasn't enough to pay er rant.
Fastening	Man this baseball game is moving, that sure was a fast ening.
(My Japanese Kamikaze special. Speak in Japanese Dialect)	
Dysphoria	Ah so! Just two bombs reft to brow up U.S. carrier ship. Fire one—Dis one for front—Fire two—dys pho ria
Dishes	Man you had better stop now or Dish es your end!

Jackie

Chapter 9

How
How to
How to Begin
How It's Done
How It's Gonna Be for Me

or Some Useful Information That Won't Cloud Your Imagination

Most everyone I meet is either *in* show business, *wants* to be, or *knows* someone who is, or who *wants* to be.

So I'll try to convey some information that may prove useful or at least not cloud your imagination.

GIRL DANCERS

Most young girls I meet ask how they can get a job as a "K" girl. The "K" girls have received a lot of publicity lately because of their appearances on my TV special, and in the Brooklyn Fox stage shows. They are not really professional or accomplished dancers. To be truthful, most of the "K" girls were selected mainly for their particular "look," and not for their dancing ability.

The style of the dancing the "K" girls do is very smooth, always in good taste and, I guess the best way to describe it is, "cool." For one thing, I think most go-go-girl dancers you see in night clubs dressed in leotards and other abbreviated costumes are outdated—out of style and lacking in good taste. I also believe that the Hullabaloo style of dancing is passé.

The "K" girls are dressed to appeal to other girls as well as male audiences. Their fresh, clean wholesome look never goes out of style.

I have had big help in their dress and appearance from my own private dancing girl, my wife Jackie. (Jackie's picture as well as those of the "K" girls appear in this chapter. You can see that all of them are qualified to be great models.)

My suggestion to all girls who wish to become disko dancers is to study other dancing. TV and Broadway shows, as well as clubs, need girls who have versatility. Girls in cages are on the way out!

To apply for dancing jobs on TV you should send a picture plus a resumé to the choreographer of each show in which you wish to receive an audition. Or, if you live in major show business cities, make the rounds of the studios and production offices for TV, Broadway and night club shows.

Now, meet the K girls:
Jackie, Kathy Carr, Patti Michaels, Gretchen Regan, Salem Smith

SINGERS

When most would-be singers ask how can they get started, they really are asking how can they become a star? Actually, these past ten years have seen many young singers become "Stars for a Day" then fade away. The record industry has given both great talent and limited talent equal opportunity for the big break.

One of the "one-record wonders" who had a smash hit record then faded away was Joan Weber. Her recording of "Let Me Go, Lover" sold over 1,500,000 copies in the two

weeks after it was performed on a coast-to-coast dramatic TV presentation.

Others were:

"Earth Angel"—*Penguins*
"Oh Happy Day"—*Don Howard*
"Angel Baby"—*Rosie*
"A Thousand Stars"—*Kathy Young*
"It's Almost Tomorrow"—*Dream Weavers*

Then there are those who had one hit after another without letup until—suddenly—their record era was gone. They are:

Fabian
Frankie Avalon
Patti Page
Paul Anka
Perry Como
Eddie Fisher
Rosemary Clooney
Four Aces
Just to name a few

Today there are record companies and independent producers by the hundreds looking for new talents. If you are serious about a singing career, then you must go about it in a businesslike way. As a singer, you are actually in business for yourself and therefore you must make some financial investment—in this case, money for a professional demonstration record of your talent.

Most record executives won't listen to a live audition. They are interested only in what you sound like and they want to judge this without the distraction of an in-person performance.

Therefore, you should record at least two original songs that you feel are really hits or perform current familiar material that shows you off best.

There are many recording studios that specialize in making demonstration records. Some will also arrange for three or four musicians to back you up.

If you don't have an arrangement of the song, they can arrange for that as well. However, it would be wise to know what you want as far as sound is concerned. This "demo" session should cost you about a hundred dollars for the musicians and studio. If you have your own musical backing, it's much cheaper.

That means, if you belong to a self-contained group, your only cost is for studio facilities. Having an engineer who can capture your "sound," or help create one for you, is the key to a good session. At regular recording sessions the producer usually accomplishes this with the engineer.

Salem Smith

These "demo" sessions are not to be confused with "master" recording dates—where you spend from six hundred dollars to three thousand dollars for a record session. This is what independent producers spend. Then they sell the "master" to a record company. These sessions are at union-scaled prices and your costs for musicians, arranger, studio facilities, etcetera are at least double that of the demonstration record.

Therefore, if you're just beginning, start off with a "demo" session.

The major record centers of the U.S.A. are New York, Los Angeles, Nashville, Detroit, and Chicago. However, there are many fine places in other cities to make a "demo" record. Just make sure that the studio and engineer you use are very experienced in producing the type of music you sing. After making your "demo," the most important thing to remember when submitting it, is to deal with a reputable firm or producer whose credits are easy to check.

These professionals don't charge you if they like your voice; they sign you to a standard contract and *they* put up the money for a record session. Beware of rackets that take your money to put out a record of your voice. The demonstration session cost is *all* you should incur.

Artists, signed to record companies, receive anywhere from three percent to six percent of gross sales after the cost of the session has been deducted. If you sell your own master to a company, you should receive at least seven percent royalties. All advertising and promotion costs should be paid for by the record company.

Of course if you're interested in musical comedy, your approach for audition is more like that of an actor and you must be seen as well as heard; therefore, demo records are not necessary. Just prepare to sing stuff like:

Patti Michaels

I could have dan-ced all night
I could have dan-ced all night
And still have beg-ged for more,
Baby!

IN TELLING IT LIKE IT IS . . .

. . . you may have detected that I speak or write in two or three languages. It's all English, but some of the terms and phrases are foreign to many people, especially adults. It is not a ploy nor is it a way of talking down to anyone. Actually, I have become accustomed to communicating with people in many walks of life—and people of all ages. It has become quite natural for me to communicate with each person by using phraseology and terms which make communication between us easier. This helps to establish complete understanding. The only language I used strictly for entertainment was when I converted an old carnival slang used among carnival performers into a Meus-surray language. It was particularly popular with my radio audience.

Gretchen Regan

Kathy Carr

Meusurray Dictionary

1. The key to speaking MEUSURRAY is the three letters "EUS" (pronounced EE-US).

2. The "EUS" (EE-US) follows the first letter of any word or name, then the rest of the word is pronounced after it has been inserted. For example . . .

MARY IS MEUSARY

BOB IS BEUSOB

JOHN IS JEUSOHN

3. There are some exceptions to applying "eus" after the first letter. For example . . .

a) If a name starts with a vowel (a-e-i-o-u) the "eus" precedes the name or word . . .

ELVIS IS EUSELVIS

AND IS EUSAND

IF IS EUSIF

b) If the word or name starts with two or more consonants, the "eus" is inserted after the first group of consonants or before the first vowel.

FRANK IS FREUSANK

STRING IS STREUSING

4. The final rule is if the word has three or more syllables the "eus" is used in the first and last syllables. For example . . .

HOLLYWOOD HOL/LY/WOOD IS PRONOUNCED HEUSOLLYWEUSOOD

Have fun with the language and make sure you listen to WINS. I will see you soon!

MURRAY THE "K"

Heusave feusun weusith theuse leusangeusage eusand meusake seusure yeusou leusisten teuse WEUSINS. Eusi weusill seusee yeuso seusoon!

MEUSURRAY THEUSE "KEUSAY"

WHERE IS MURRAY THE K HEADED FOR?

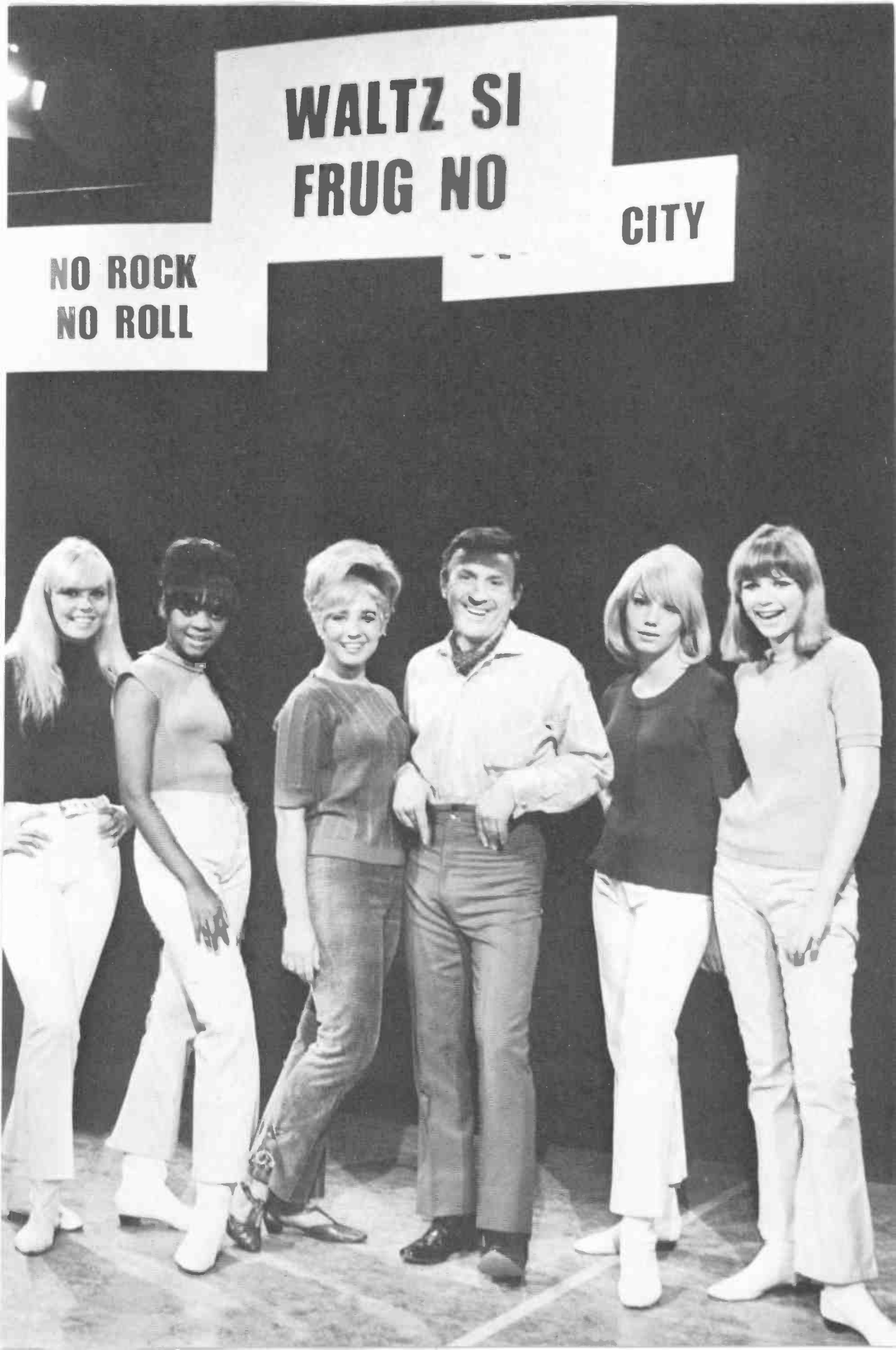
My main objective is to contribute new frames of reference for music and to help create better understanding between the adult and the teen worlds. I am trying to accomplish this with my TV specials. This series attempts to present musical shows that are geared to everyone's tastes. My own need for self-expression is being fulfilled by writing this book.

This book has been my most ambitious project, and with all my writing about communications among people, I will have a few anxiety attacks until I've found out if I have accomplished communication with you. And . . .

That's Telling It Like It Is, Baby—Part One!

We mentioned producers before—here is a list of some of the outstanding ones:

Barry Gordy Jr.
Smokey Robinson
Holland-Dozier
Terry Melcher
Burt Bacharach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FRUG NO
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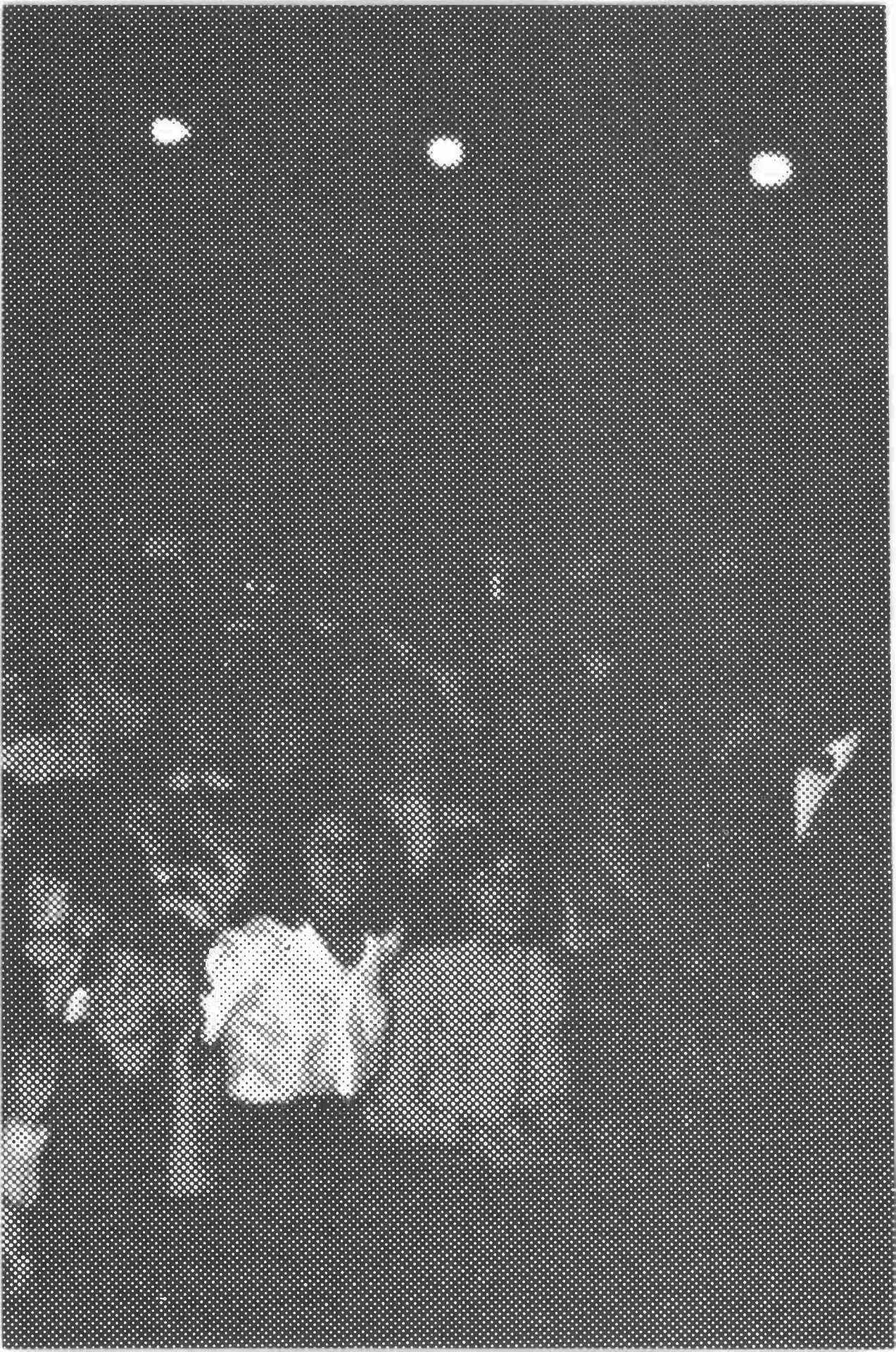
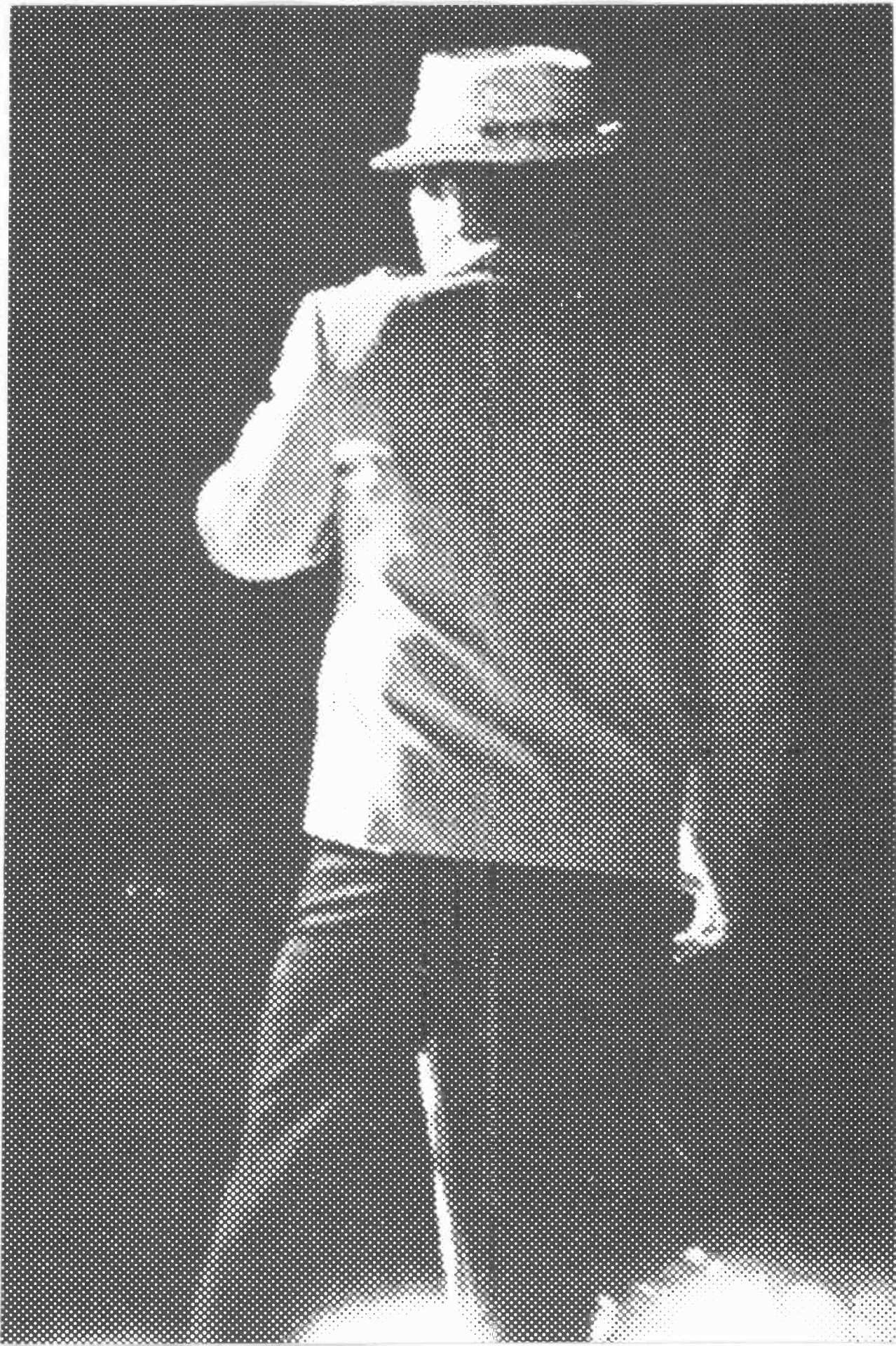
NO ROCK
NO ROLL





About the Author

Murray Kaufman, known to the world as Murray the K, lives in New York City with his wife Jackie. He has two sons, Jeff, 17, and Keith, 14, who are honor students.

Murray the K has been in show business since he was nine years old, with time out for baseball—he was so good that the Yankee farm team in Kansas City made him an offer.

The nation's leading disc jockey and a well-known TV personality, Murray the K is one of the few people in public life who can "tell it like it is" to adults as well as to young people. As a matter of fact, Murray the K *is* "what's happening, baby."